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The Importance of Being Tito

MARSHAL TITO is much too fly to misunderstand the significance of his invitation by a Tory Government. He does not imagine that it is for the sake of his famous blue eyes that he is escorted up the Thames by the British Navy. The Tories no more love a Communist now than they did in the war, when they reluctantly decided to back Tito because he, and not the Serbian ruling class, was fighting the common enemy. Today they recognise, with equal reluctance, that he is something even larger than the dictator of Yugoslavia; he is the head of an anti-Soviet military alliance of Yugoslavia, Turkey and Greece. Greece and Turkey are included in Nato. Yugoslavia is still independent and Communist. The object of flattering Tito is to bring him as far as possible into the Western camp and to use his need for Western armaments to win him as far as possible from his Socialist experiment.

Tito is well aware of all this; but he, no less than the British, is in need of firm Anglo-Yugoslav friendship. His broadcast on arrival was an expression of sincere desire to overcome obstacles between the two countries. The discussions on matters of business could easily have been carried out through the ordinary channels. He need not have come to London simply to buy arms from England, rather than the United States, on the ground that in these days it is America, not Britain, that has become the chief imperial Power. Nor was it necessary to banquet in Buckingham Palace in order to discuss Trieste; the problem of persuading any Italian party in an election year to accept a solution of Trieste which could be acceptable to any Yugoslav Government looks as intractable in one capital as in another. In short, the ceremonials and the personal contacts with very important people are in this case not the show but the reality. Tito wants a display of friendship just as much as Churchill. Like the Kings on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, both hope to gain by publicly embracing; both intend not to give away anything they regard as vital to themselves.

We hope that the police cordons and the public ceremonies have not disguised from Tito that he is genuinely welcomed by a large part of the British public, which likes him for just the reasons that other sections dislike him. He is about equally detested by Roman Catholics and Stalinists. If he met ordinary people on his visit, he would find among them a hearty respect for him as a courageous man who fought magnificently for his country's freedom and had the guts to stand up to the bullying of the Soviet Union. Among the politically conscious, which includes at least half of the Labour Party, he is also respected as a Socialist, even if his brand is not of the British type. It is well understood that political democracy, as we know it, has never yet obtained a strong footing in the Balkans and cannot, in any case, develop quickly after a revolution; that what Tito and his followers accept is rather Lenin's version of Marxism, which interprets democracy as free discussion and agitation within the Communist party. But whereas, through years of painful disillusion, British workers have decided that Stalinism is a perversion of Socialism which becomes every year more tyrannical, they see in impoverished Yugoslavia an effort—even if an uncertain and often inefficient effort—to build a form of Socialism in a relatively free atmosphere. In Yugoslavia, they feel, the State might some day "wither away."

These are the two aspects of Tito that appeal to the workers in this country. He is independent, and a fighter. He remains a Socialist in spite of the most difficult circumstances. If he were to yield to pressure from the Western world and allow himself to lose his independence and to give up Socialism, then the arrival of Tito would be no more important than a visit from the King of Greece.

Yoshida Defeated

For the second time within six months Japanese voters are called to the polls in a general election. The incident which produced a vote of no confidence in the Premier was in itself trivial. Mr. Yoshida had committed a breach of the Diet's traditions by calling a Socialist Deputy an "imbecile." The defection, however, of the score of

Liberal Deputies, who voted with the Opposition, seems to be significant of a real split in the Government party. The leader of the group, Mr. Hatoyama, has announced that he will contest the elections as head of the new "progressive" Japanese Liberal Party. With public opinion deeply divided about the burden of rearmament, the tie-up with the U.S., relations with Peking, and the late Premier's plans to centralise the police force and establish closer controls over schools and trade unions—to say nothing of growing animosities among Liberal leaders—it seems doubtful if the Liberal Party will secure a renewal of its mandate. The probability is rather that some form of uneasy coalition will have to be formed out of the Diet due for election next month.

Mr. Churchill on Adult Education

The Prime Minister has a way of saying the right, as well as the wrong, thing memorably. This is exemplified by his implied rebuke of Miss Horsbrugh (though he purported to be defending her) over her decision to cut the Ministry of Education grant in aid of adult classes. In defiance of the facts, Mr. Churchill has denied that any such decision had been taken by the Government—by which he presumably meant that Miss Horsbrugh had acted on her own without asking the Cabinet, and had then had to draw back in face of the widespread protests which her decision had aroused. Mr. Churchill was answering a protest sent to him by the T.U.C. After saying that all the Government wanted was to ensure that the money was economically spent, he went on to a paean:

> There is perhaps no branch of our vast educational system which should more attract within its particular sphere the aid and encouragement of the State than adult education. How many must there be in Britain, after the disturbance of two destructive wars, who thirst in later life to learn about the humanities, the history of their country, the philosophies of the human race, and the arts and letters which sustain and are borne forward by the ever-conquering English language!

Then followed an unkind cut which will hardly please Lord Cherwell. "This ranks in my opinion far above science and technical instruction"; and then comes further praise for adult education as particularly needed "in this age of clatter and buzz, of gape and gloat." Presumably this letter puts paid to the silly attempt of Miss Horsbrugh and Mr. Pickthorn to vent their spite on the W.E.A. and the University extra-mural departments.

Civil Servants and Politics

Under the new conditions announced last week-end in a White Paper, nearly a quarter of a million Civil Servants, who are at present forbidden to take part in politics, will get permission to engage in any form of political activity except standing for Parliament, subject to a "Code of Discretion" which they will be expected to observe. After the Report of the Masterman Committee in 1948, industrial and some other employees of the Government, including such grades as postmen, were set free from the ridiculous restrictions which had previously applied to them as to Civil Servants; but several hundred thousand clerical and other non-manual employees were still left under the ban, though it was absurd to argue that they held posts of an administrative or policy-making character. The new proposal, which has been worked out on the Civil Service Whitley Council, is to create an intermediate category between the administrative grades proper—which are still left subject to the old restrictions—and the industrial and manipulative grades—which are not restricted. Some grades in the new category, numbering about 185,000, will be allowed to take part in politics, subject to the limitations mentioned, without needing to apply individually for permission. In other cases the individual will have to apply separately; and obviously much will depend on how such applications are handled. The staff representatives on the Whitley Council have signed the report as individuals without committing their associations, because the negotiations have been secret and they have not been able to consult their constituents. There will be complaints that the proposals do not go far enough; but it will not be denied that they are a substantial step in the right direction. They will certainly do a good deal to allay all sorts of grievances which have been very strong, especially in the clerical grades, since the Masterman Report.

The Settlers' Leader

We are glad to see that Mr. Michael Blundell, the leader of the Elected Settlers in the Legislative Council in Nairobi, is now on a visit to this country. We hope that he will be in a position, when he returns, to explain to the settlers that criticism of settler policy—criticism which is almost universal here whether publicly expressed or not—is not, as some settlers seem to imagine, based on ignorance of Kenya nor on indifference to the difficult and dangerous situation in which Europeans in Kenya find themselves. Criticism is based mainly on the contention—surely irrefutable, today—that a policy of "making the 'Kukes' more frightened of Europeans than of Mau Mau" is not rewarding. More troops go out; the fear grows; and what began with an apparently sporadic outbreak of terrorism has turned into a racial war. Mau Mau appears to us partly a reaction to a very primitive barbarism, and partly a revolt against a servile economic, political and racial status. How can troops deal with such a situation? And how do those who rely on present policy hope (1) to pay for it, (2) to find labour, (3) to stop it spreading to other areas, or (4) to attract capital for the proposed industrial development of the Colony?

Helping the Film Producers

The Government has finally decided that the Eady Scheme, which diverts a percentage of box-office takings directly into a fund to help film producers, shall continue after the middle of next year. This decision was left to the last minute, when producers were already insisting that they could make no further plans until they knew how much financial support they could count on, and it inevitably means that the Scheme must be given statutory authority or that the exhibitors must be given some bribe in the form of Entertainment Tax concessions. For the present Scheme is voluntary, and the exhibitors—who have been loudly complaining that the present tax rates make their business unprofitable—had served notice that they would not continue to accept what to them seems an unjust division of falling receipts.

In principle, the Board of Trade decision was correct, though it is not yet clear how Mr. Thorneycroft intends to escape Hollywood's claim that any statutory Scheme would be unfair "discrimination." This does not mean that the present arrangement is perfect. For one thing, it is weighted heavily in favour of the producer whose films are already making money. For another, the fund is distributed on the basis of earnings in Britain and takes no account of receipts abroad. Finally, since it provides something like the classical "wages fund" for film producers, it acts as a brake on increased output: the more films that qualify, the less each can receive. It may be too much to expect this opportunity to be taken for the really thorough overhaul that British film finance still needs, and has needed ever since 1947. It is far more likely that there will be another piece of patching at its ramshackle fabric. But at least this decision will avert the collapse that the abolition of the Eady Scheme would have caused.

Opposition to Federation

As its real implications become clearer, the Government's plan for Central African Federation seems to be arousing an opposition which is much more than political. Many meetings of Church of England—and even more of Church of Scotland—lay and clergy indicate a close and even passionate interest shown by people not normally associated with political causes; these things suggest that dislike of imposing federation on Africans who object to it stands in the great humanitarian tradition of anti-slavery. The old feeling which held that Africans ought not to be slaves is close akin to the new feeling that Africans ought to be accepted, at any rate potentially, as partners and equals. The supporters of federation continue meanwhile to use any and every argument they can, apparently heedless of whether or not they contradict themselves. The *Central African Post* lately drew attention to an interesting contradiction. A Mr. van Eeden, an Afrikaans-speaking Member of the Northern Rhodesian Legislature, has written a pamphlet, called *Federasie in Midde-Afrika*, in which he argues (for the benefit of Afrikaans-speaking settlers in Southern Rhodesia who are Nationalists) that federation is only a step towards union with South Africa. "The Federation States," he writes, "are to be on a peaceful and friendly footing with the Union, a relationship which can still develop in the future in a United States of Southern Africa, which is my highest wish." And yet Central African Federation is being presented to us, by Mr. van Eeden's colleagues, as a bulwark against South Africa!

The I.P.R. and the McCarran Committee

A Correspondent writes: The McCarran Committee's "investigation" of the Institute of Pacific Relations has now been published in fourteen printed volumes. This famous Institute was founded in 1925 by a few far-sighted people who were early aware of the great issues taking shape in the Pacific. Congress had just passed the Oriental Exclusion Act, and, in China, the Nationalist Movement was just getting into a strongly anti-foreign stride. This group decided that the need was for an objective study of Asian countries. From Honolulu, where they first met, America looked like the country of "the common man," while the Union Jack seemed set in con-

crete blocks stretching across the Asian continent. Any serious student of Pacific Affairs inevitably unearthed the facts of British imperialism, the economic conditions of Indian villages, the unbalanced economy which French rule imposed on Indo-China and the Dutch on the Netherlands East Indies. The I.P.R. published a wealth of data, never before accessible outside specialised Libraries and Government Departments. For a quarter of a century it was—as the Rockefeller Foundation described it—"the most important single source of independent studies of the problems of the Pacific area and the Far East." "Let the facts speak for themselves" was the basis of research on almost every economic and social aspect of Asia. It now seems doubtful whether this work can continue, thanks to the smears and innuendos of the McCarran Committee.

"The Institute of Pacific Relations and its work have been an essential part of my own personal education in current affairs," Professor Toynbee wrote last June: "[it] plays an indispensable part as an impartial forum in which controversial questions between Chinese and Japanese, and between representatives of Asia and of the West, can be discussed objectively in a dispassionate atmosphere." Indeed, the Royal Institute of International Affairs, which is the National Council in this country of the Institute of Pacific Relations, has mainly depended on the research work of the I.P.R. for its slender list of publications on Asian subjects.

In the early days, the conservative, Empire-minded supporters of Chatham House looked askance at the data produced by fact-finding I.P.R. researchers, even though they were presented without any effort made to interpret them. This was left to the intelligence of thousands of men and women who read into them, correctly, the signs of the times, and the inescapable growth of Asian nationalism. Those who directed the activities of Chatham House remained apologists for British policy in Asia, and in recent years they often gave the impression of subordinating knowledge of the revolutionary changes imposed by Asian nationalism to the propaganda values of the "cold war." The candour of the I.P.R. has therefore become more, not less, important.

By ingenious selection, by omission, by distortion, now subtle, now crude, of the evidence, the McCarran Committee today seeks to discredit the truth of the I.P.R.'s massive documentation for a quarter of a century. This is the American version of the "burning of the books" to which influential voices in Chatham House are, it seems, giving their support by favouring a proposal to shut down the I.P.R. What is involved in such support can be read in *Commentary on the McCarran Report on the I.P.R.* recently published by its American Institute, 1 East 54th Street, New York. Those who belong to Chatham House can no doubt find it in on the shelves of their Library, together with the I.P.R.'s indispensable documents.

SWANSEA

Tinplate's Future

A Correspondent in South Wales writes: The future of the hand-mill tinplate works in South Wales is still uncertain; the 5,000 men affected by their closure three weeks ago have not yet received notice to quit. The head of the Tinplate Division of the Steel Company of Wales tells me that the position will be reconsidered in a week's time; until then, the "concealed unemployed," most of whom receive from five to six pounds a week wages, cultivate their gardens or sweep the factories, or stand around and talk. The view of the Company and of Richard Thomas and Baldwins, to whom the works belong, was frankly given by their Chairman, Mr. E. H. Lever, to trade unionists at Swansea. Buyers, he said, prefer the superior quality of the strip-mill tin to that of the older kind: "the product of the hand-mill is almost impossible to sell abroad and only with difficulty at home." Consequently the Company has a stock of one million boxes on its hands and sees no merit in increasing this stock. The factories will be closed until demand improves.

Whatever happens in the next week or the next six months—the demand for tinplate is notoriously fickle—the problem of large-scale unemployment here in the future remains. Increased demand, when it comes, will probably be for the strip-mill tin and not that of the hand-mills, which are unlikely to be ever again a paying proposition. Even if the works re-open, it is unlikely to be for long; and it is doubtful if the older steel works will long survive them. The Steel Company of Wales has already published its plans for great extensions to the new works at Margam and at Trostre, and work has begun on the replica of the latter at Velindre. These additions will certainly provide work for 3,500 people, possibly within the next three years; but if one must reckon with the closure of all the old-type tinplate and steel works, this will leave over 6,000 men out of work. And this calculation presumes that it will be men from the old works who will automatically be selected for posts at the new. In the past, middle-aged and ageing men have not always been acceptable.

To meet the situation the Government has appointed a committee under the chairmanship of the Under-Secretary for Welsh Affairs to encourage industrial development in South Wales. Possibly manufaturers will be persuaded to step in before the old works close permanently and the Government loses what small favour it has gained in Wales through the cheerful and regular appearances of Sir David Maxwell-Fyfe. The Steel Company of Wales cannot be expected to help the Government out indefinitely. It is an economic absurdity to keep thousands of men indefinitely on pay—cultivating their back gardens.

DUBLIN

Economic Strains

Our Dublin Correspondent writes: Mr. de Valera's Government is preparing to tackle the biggest financial problem it has yet faced. The details of Supply requirements for the coming financial year show that, in spite of substantial economies made by some Ministries, the Supply Services will cost 3 per cent. more than in the present year, and the estimates make no provision for the increases in civil servants' salaries recently recommended by a Government-appointed Arbitration Board. The Minister for Finance has announced that he expects a deficit of "significant size," and Mr. de Valera recently said that taxation had reached its limit. The yield from existing taxes, in several instances, is virtually certain to be considerably lower than the Minister budgeted for last year.

Unemployment and rising prices combine to aggravate the Government's difficulties. The Minister for Industry and Commerce has said in the Dail that the cost of living in the Republic has risen less than in Great Britain, and that the only way the Government could bring down the cost of living was by subsidies. They were opposed to subsidies in principle because they led to inefficiency and higher costs. The Minister's view that a period of price stability is in sight was not shared by the Opposition parties, and he was reminded that, when the food subsidies were removed last year, he expressed a similar hope, though since then there has been a 13-point rise in the cost of living.

The Government, on the other hand, can point to the fact that the adverse balance of trade is declining. Nonetheless, it will take a long time to bridge the gap; and the policy of making foreign currency available for fertilisers and productive machinery, but not for luxury goods, is not being carried out effectively. At present, 23 per cent. of the Republic's imports are of consumers' goods, against 10 per cent. of producers' capital goods, and only slightly more than 3 per cent. of agricultural materials. This is scarcely the way to increase the Republic's productivity.

The Grammar School Cap

In recent weeks both in Parliament and on public platforms, Socialists have been discussing the future of the Public schools. This is natural enough, since the Labour Party's new policy statement is due in May, and the Executive was specifically instructed by the Morecambe Conference to include in that statement "radical educational reforms." Apparently it is now realised that the 1944 Education Act—apart from finding a satisfactory compromise on the religious issue—has done very little either to fulfil the promise of "secondary education for all" or to create a National Education Service worthy to take its place alongside the National Health Service. The British school system, in fact, remains the outstanding example in the Western world of educational privilege: it still divides our children into a managerial minority indoctrinated to rule, and a majority inadequately equipped to serve.

The defenders of the system assert that the Public schools and Grammar schools provide "quality" education. Very often they do. But the trouble is that this "quality" education is vitiated by its exclusiveness. In many parts of the country the primary schools are still so bad, and the size of the classes so enormous, that even the conscientious Socialist with a little money is forced to send his child to a private school, or to face the self-accusation that he has sacrificed its chances in life to a political prejudice. At the secondary level, the Public school tradition pervades every Grammar school in the country. What matters to most parents (and employers) is not whether the child has been well taught, but whether it has gone to "the right school," and the importance of social cachet applies equally whether the choice is between Eton and a minor Public school or between the local Grammar school and the local Tech. As a result, the vast majority of children who fail to obtain "quality" education are marked as social failures before they reach the age of fifteen.

But how is a Labour Government to put this right? On another page we publish an article by Mr. Wilfred Fienburgh, in which he suggests an answer. He would like to abolish privileged education by Act of Parliament, to take over the buildings of the Public schools and to use

them as what he describes as "national residential sixth forms." Simultaneously he wants to get rid of the examination which sorts children out at the age of 11 and sends the ablest to the Grammar school, the average to the Tech, while dumping the rest in the so-called Modern. Mr. Fienburgh argues that this can be done by means of the Comprehensive school—that is, a secondary school which caters for all the children in a neighbourhood and puts them in various "streams" according to their aptitudes.

Very broadly, Mr. Fienburgh suggests that we should reconstruct our schools on the American pattern. Whatever its other defects, the American system is genuinely democratic. Though there are a few snob boarding schools on the East Coast, the vast majority of American children, rich and poor, go to the same primary and secondary school, and a far higher proportion than here go on to the university. If quality has been sacrificed to quantity—as it undoubtedly has—the social results have been largely beneficial.

The question which the Labour Party has to answer is how these social benefits can be obtained without sacrificing the "quality" of education, which many Americans come to admire when they study the British system at close quarters. Must we abolish all the Public schools and independent schools—which include not only Eton but Manchester Grammar School as well—in order to democratise secondary education? Are the critics fair who suggest that Labour is prepared to level down the quality of education to enforce educational equality?

If it is to convince the electorate that it is not grinding an ideological axe, the Labour Party will be well advised not to brush aside these questions. Snobbery is not the only motive which prompts parents to send their children to private and "Public" schools. Another is the knowledge that the children get a better chance where there are more teachers and individual attention is greater.

The first task of the next Labour Government, therefore, must be to raise the general level of primary education to that of the most progressive education authorities, and to reduce the size of classes to a point where teaching becomes a possibility. When this is done, a conscientious parent will be able to send his child to a State school even if he can afford to pay the fees for privileged education. This means spending vastly more on teachers' salaries and somewhat more on new buildings than any previous Labour Government was prepared to do. The second step follows naturally. Mr. Fienburgh is right in castigating the 11 *plus* examination and calling for its abolition. A system which decides a child's status in society at this early age—and incidentally involves cramming for a critical examination from the age of 8 or 9—is indefensible educationally. It is also socially pernicious. Today the Grammar school cap is a more potent emblem of privilege than the old school tie. Public school snobbery affects a few children. The snobbery of the local Grammar school sets the tone in every city and county. Before they start talking about abolishing the Public schools, Socialists should tackle the Public school tradition which pervades the State system.

To do this, it is not necessary to follow the London County Council's example and build huge, new comprehensive buildings. A great deal can be done far more cheaply by administering existing schools or groups of schools according to the comprehensive principle. Moreover the task is not merely to end exclusiveness in secondary education, but to ensure that the poorer children can take full advantage of the opportunities offered them. At present a lamentably large proportion of those who win places at the Grammar school or the Tech leave before they are 16. The essential complement therefore to ending the 11 *plus* examination must be the provision of really adequate maintenance grants to children who stay on after 15.

It is only against this kind of revolution inside the State system that the Public schools and all the other types of independent school can be seen in proper perspective. If the Labour Party is wise, it will not tackle the Public schools until public education can bear comparison with them. The next Labour Minister of Education will have plenty on his hands in achieving that! But what he could do at once is to forbid public money being spent on subsidising privilege and snobbery. To buy 20 per cent. of the places in an independent Grammar school for Local Education Authority scholars, or to send a dozen boys from working-class homes to Eton at the cost of the taxpayer, is the reverse of democratisation. It is the boys who are changed by it, not the school. Only those independent schools which are fit and willing to come within the State system under direct grant—as Manchester Grammar School, among others, has done—deserve financial assistance. Meanwhile, the next Labour Minister of Education should concentrate on his main task, to level up the quality of education under his immediate control and to abolish the 11 *plus* examination.

Trade Unions and Malan

How far can trade unionism in South Africa provide a rallying-point, not merely for tactical opposition to Dr. Malan, but also for those who are trying to find a constructive alternative to racialism? The movement is barely sixty years old; the pioneers of trade unionism were mainly British. Miners from Cornwall and Wales created the South African Mineworkers' Union. Jimmy Baines from Glasgow and Bill Andrews from Leiston, Suffolk, organised the Amalgamated Engineering Union. Building workers, printers and numerous other groups were brought into unions by workers from the United Kingdom and Ireland who had migrated to South Africa. Forty years ago at least 75 per cent. of the two hundred thousand White workers were British.

Today about 80 per cent. of the eight hundred thousand White workers who, with their dependants constitute more than two-thirds of the White population, are Afrikaners. In the last twenty-five years, several hundred thousand Afrikaners have migrated from the Platteland, where most of them were "poor Whites," into urban centres. The overwhelming majority of these Afrikaners have a Nationalist heritage; many are sons and daughters of parents who fought and suffered in the Boer War. The big towns are invariably very cruel to the landless son or daughter of the soil; the poorer the Afrikaner and the more difficult his struggle for existence, the more he seeks salvation in Afrikaner Nationalism. Gradually, in urban conditions, as his standards improve (invariably through trade union activity) he loses his intense Nationalism and begins to feel and think as a worker. But the backward traditions of the land die slowly. Though there are tens of thousands of Afrikaner workers who realise the value of trade union organisation and solidarity, and many Afrikaner men and women come to the fore as workers' leaders, there are many who are still under the influence of the Nationalist Party.

Until 1936, the Nationalist Party concerned itself very little with the trade unions. The industrial revolution, which was making rapid strides, and the urbanisation of the Afrikaners, inspired a new policy towards the trade unions among the Nationalist leaders. In the past the Nationalist Party drew almost its entire support from the backward country-folk. A method had to be found of retaining the loyalty of the Afrikaner who left the land to take a job in industry. In *Mein Kampf* Hitler explained how to deal with mass organisations—capture, disrupt and destroy; and the crude teachings of the master have been followed to the letter by the leaders of the Nationalist Party. In the middle of 1936 a national crusade was started by the Nationalist Party, the Federation of Afrikaans Cultural Societies, the Dutch Reformed Churches, the Blackshirts and the Greyshirts, to save the "soul" of the Afrikaner workers from the pernicious influence of the trade unions. These were described as "materialistic," "foreign," controlled by Communists, Jews, Imperialists, Liberals, all of whom were enemies of Afrikanerdom. A whole army of predikants (ministers of the Dutch Reformed Churches), Nazi-trained professors from the Afrikaans universities, farmers, lawyers, estate agents and others roamed about the country denouncing the trade unions. A vast sum, estimated at £200,000, was raised to "save the Afrikaner workers' souls," and to finance a campaign of slander, libel and violence against the trade unions and their leaders.

The Nationalist Party of Dr. Malan is reactionary and anti-labour. It has never shown the slightest sympathy for the Afrikaner worker, nor helped to improve his position. But the party leaders realise that without the support of the Afrikaner workers it cannot possibly maintain itself in power. Hence the virulent attack upon the free trade unions and their leaders, and the determination of the Nationalist Government to destroy the free trade union movement. I was removed from my position by Mr. C. R. Swart, Minister of Justice, as General Secretary of the Garment Workers' Union, for teaching tens of thousands of Afrikaner workers how to secure some of the decencies of life by trade union action. I had continually explained to them that racial tolerance and labour unity would make their lives happier and the future of their children more secure; that racial hatred and master race theories will bring misery, fear and ruin.

But one must also take account of the three million non-European workers in South Africa, of whom about a million are employed in agriculture, and about half a million in mining. The manufacturing industries employ about half a million and the rest are employed in commerce, transport, as domestic servants and in other occupations. The average wage for non-

European agricultural workers is about £20 per year. African miners get an average cash wage of about £40 per year *plus* rations, and are housed in compounds; real earnings have not improved since the 1890s. In agriculture and mining the African is denied all prospects of improving his standards. Under the Works and Mines Acts, non-Europeans are prohibited from engaging in any skilled work in mines. In industry, some 400,000 Africans have painfully acquired a certain amount of skill and earn from £2 to £6 per week.

There is no law directly prohibiting Africans from forming or joining trade unions, but trade union organisation must of necessity be extremely difficult for workers who have to carry passes, who cannot move about freely from place to place, and have no access to halls or a Press. The Industrial Conciliation Act affords European, Coloured and Indian workers certain legal rights to bargain collectively with their employers. Africans are not accorded any recognition under the Act, and employers (nearly all of whom are European) will not readily agree to enter into negotiations with Africans. Under a penalty of three years' imprisonment and/or £500 fine, Africans are prohibited from striking under any circumstances. The Wage Act authorises the Wage Board appointed by the Government to recommend, for all workers irrespective of race, wages and conditions which the Minister of Labour can make legally binding; but the Board has done very little to raise standards.

In the last twenty years, some 200,000 African workers have come under the influence of trade union organisation, and tens of thousands have secured improvements as a result of trade union action, *i.e.*, strikes, which were lawful before 1943, or negotiations—often with the help of European trade unions. African males cannot legally join trade unions which are registered under the Industrial Conciliation Act; but, in consequence of a judgment of the Supreme Court in 1944, African women were declared to be "employees" under the Act and entitled to be members of registered trade unions and enjoy certain legal rights of collective bargaining. The Nationalist Minister of Labour, Mr. B. J. Schoeman, has introduced a Native Labour Bill which will have the effect of placing all African workers, so far as their wages and conditions of work are concerned, entirely under the control of the Government.

There are three main lines of policy among European workers towards trade union organisation among Africans. The Mineworkers, and a number of other unions which are under the control of the Nationalists, are violently anti-African. A number of Left unions in the Cape oppose all forms of racial discrimination within the trade union movement, and most of the European trade unions realise that the uplifting of the conditions of the African workers will be in the interests of all workers; that the African workers must be helped to organise into trade unions; that there must be the closest co-operation between the European and the African trade unions. In general, however, European workers, while accepting the principle of co-operation, refuse to attend the same branch meeting with non-Europeans, with the result that many "parallel" unions have been brought into being, normally a single union with separate branches for European and non-European.

A great obstacle in African trade union organisation has been the lack of a sufficient number of technically competent people who could build an efficient administrative machine which is so essential for effective trade union work. If sufficient support could be raised to provide the African workers with a really efficient administrative machine—offices, equipment, a simple system of accounting, salaries for secretaries in the initial stages, one or two competent technical advisers—several hundred thousand African workers could soon be properly organised.

The defence and strengthening of the South African trade union movement as a whole must transcend the limited field of trade union activity; it means the creation of a powerful force for democracy on the African continent. But, in the circumstances, it will need help from the British Labour Movement, which has in the past supplied us with pioneers, leaders, fighters and martyrs.

E. S. SACHS

London Diary

I REMEMBER meeting Gottwald in 1948. At the end of a talk in which he defended the recent Communist *coup d'état*, I said: "I am worried about the aftermath. I know some of your best civil servants and administrators; how many of them will still be in their jobs in six months' time?" He replied: "Who are you thinking of?" I said, "No, no. I am not mentioning any names!" and we both laughed. My timing was imperfect, but I got the trend right—dead right, as you might say. Most of the Communists and Socialists then in office in Prague have since been killed or imprisoned. This capacity for liquidating old comrades in arms, as well as the men who have been accepted as independent allies, has naturally led commentators to compare Gottwald to Stalin. Indeed, like Stalin, the genial Georgian who was a good sociable drinker as well as a supreme party manager, Gottwald was a strict party boss who in his spare time liked to be the Viennese carpenter drinking beer, smoking a pipe, and taking things easy among his friends. But the comparison with Stalin must not be pushed too far. Perhaps the difference is mainly one of size. Gottwald had to be built up and turned into a great man by propaganda, while Stalin, whether we judge by his character or his achievement, is undoubtedly one of the very big figures, not only of this generation but of world history.

* * *

I doubt whether last week's air "incidents" in Germany—in spite of some very wild press speculation—offer much good ground for discussing possible changes in Soviet policy. The fact is that a series of "incidents" of this kind can, and often do, develop without the prior knowledge and intention of those who direct policy. It seems pretty clear that a general alert was given to all Soviet frontier forces immediately before Stalin's death. In the present war of nerves, that might mean all sorts of things—the Russians might even be feeling more nervous than we are. In any case, after Mr. Dulles's recent utterances, and at a moment of evident crisis, such an order is not particularly surprising. No doubt the feeling of tension in high places communicated itself down the line. There was the flight to Denmark of the deserting Polish M.I.G. . . . perhaps one or two pieces of dare-devil flying by Western pilots . . . and all of a sudden, on a particular sector, you have an atmosphere in which a serious international incident can take place. Of the two incidents affecting British planes, it is now agreed that both the B.E.A. Viking, which was "buzzed," and the Lincoln which was shot down, were flying inadvertently just outside the permissible course. As to the U.S. fighter destroyed on the Czech frontier, the margin of error in navigating modern high-speed fighters is so great that either the American or the Czech pilots could have been genuinely mistaken. Mr. Eden is quite right to make a strong protest about the shooting down of the bomber, which was on a training flight and unequipped for either fighting or photographic reconnaissance. Even if it did accidentally penetrate Tom Tiddler's land, that would not provide any justification for killing those who made a very minor error in navigation. The best we can say is that the tension on the frontier is part of a ghastly war of nerves in Germany. Both sides take part in it; we apparently more carelessly and the Russians more murderously.

* * *

I am intrigued to find how much argument is provoked by the proposal to increase the Judges' salaries. Even among my colleagues on the *N.S. & N.* there is no agreement—except on the impropriety of engineering the increase by a tax-free increment to salary. This really does seem a deplorable example to the rest of the community, and I hope that the opposition to it will be voiced from both sides of the Commons. If Parliament decides that the Judges are worth a *net* £1,000 a year over and above what they are getting, the proper way to award it is to vote an increase of *gross* salary large enough to be worth the extra £1,000 after supertax. The minimum figure would be £5,500. Its magnitude would help the public to realise that the proposed net figure is also very large: no doubt it would also help them to value their Judges accordingly.

* * *

Whether any increase is justifiable at present is another matter. It can be said that a period in which public policy is to counter inflation, and ask the workers for wage restraint, is no time to raise the salaries of public servants who already receive a minimum of £5,000 a year, followed, after fifteen years' service, by a life pension of £3,500. On the other hand, there is some validity in the reply that these salaries have been unchanged for a century and more, and that H.M. Judges are the only group of public servants whose "wage differential" (as it might be called in less august circles) has been eaten away by the cost of living, without any protection or special assistance. Against those who hold that remuneration on this scale, coupled with unsurpassed security, is good enough for anybody, it can be argued that, if the stars of the legal profession are to be attracted to the Bench while still in their prime, they must be offered enough to induce them to leave the five figures which will so certainly be theirs at the Bar. Personally, although I belong to the school which holds it good for Judges to travel in the underground, I doubt if there is an answer to this argument—short of a complete reshaping of our judicial system, after the manner of France or the U.S., with a Ministry of Justice and career Judges. There is much to be said for such a change. The present system, which selects the Judge from a very narrow (and very prosperous) section of the community, and then maintains him in semi-godlike isolation for the rest of his days, is increasingly out of harmony with modern social trends. And I have never been able to accept the contention that a country which prides itself on the incorruptibility of its Civil Service, should be unable to achieve equally high standards with a civil service Bench.

* * *

I was sorry to hear that the *New Republic* has been sold. The name of the new owner is not yet announced. When I first knew it, the paper was edited with great distinction by Herbert Croly; and Bruce Bliven, who followed, had the same high standards and progressive outlook. With Mrs. Straight (who became Mrs. Leonard

Elmhirst) to back them, these editors were delightfully free from worry about ways and means. When the inheritance fell into the hands of Michael Straight, he was young, idealistic and boundlessly energetic; he attempted at the same time to edit, finance, write and manage the paper himself. He was not, unhappily, content with a small circulation and a great influence. He tried to compete with popular magazines and to go into politics in a big way. In 1946, Henry Wallace, then a name to conjure with, was made Editor; the result was to raise circulation from about forty to eighty thousand. Some months later, when Wallace paid his famous visit to England, the *New Republic* was being run on a scale which could only have been financially justified if the sale had been 400,000. When Wallace made his ill-judged effort to run for President with a new party (which was, in fact, run largely by the Communists), he and Michael Straight parted company. Since then the paper has not been able to find its way. It swerved politically, keeping time with the violent swing of American opinion. In its apparent anxiety to live down its Left past, it seemed to have forgotten its Straight tradition. It will be interesting to see what the new ownership makes of a paper which has been an essential part of the U.S. progressive movement.

* * *

I have seen in the comments on Tito odd suggestions that his case against Mihailovitch was trumped-up, that the allies betrayed Mihailovitch when they supported Tito, and that it was only at the end of the war that the British Press switched over from one to the other. I consulted the columns of this journal for 1943. I find that as early as January 9 we reported that Mihailovitch was fighting against the partisans and not against the invaders of Yugoslavia. We published a full article on the subject on February 6 and, on June 5, an interview with three of Tito's partisans. I well remember the origin of this article. The three Yugoslavs were captured by the Germans and put to work on the North Wall; they escaped through Norway to Sweden and, with the help of the British in Stockholm, reached London, where I saw them in the offices of the Union of Democratic Control, and got from them the interview which was printed in this journal. Later, I learned that this article was translated into Serbo-Croat and brought some encouragement to partisans in the woods at the worst moment of the war; indeed, I think it was about the first intimation they had of outside support. By a happy chance late in 1945, I met in Oslo a young man of the Norwegian resistance, who worked secretly in a Nazi "Brown House" on the Swedish frontier and had helped these Yugoslav partisans to escape to England.

* * *

If we did not cheer when Tito, the Duke, Churchill and Eden met on the Embankment, it was not because we had not enjoyed the fine spectacle of Tito's escort coming up the Thames, nor because we were lacking in sightseers' loyalty, nor because we were priests waiting with bombs under our cassocks to throw at anti-Christ. It was because, if the police keep you a hundred yards away, the show is too impersonal to evoke a clap. Such an impressive display of police protection is unusual and unpopular in this country. We had fun guessing which of the men in plain clothes wandering around came from the Special Branch and which were Yugoslavs trying to spot Serb or Stalinist dynamiters. One young lady in the crowd carried a parcel of old clothes in her arms in the hope that someone would call the attention of the police to the fact that it was labelled in monstrous letters "Bomb." No one took the slightest notice. Things were a bit more matey at the Cenotaph, where events were perhaps not quite so carefully planned. Anyway, both Churchill and Tito were cheered when they emerged from Downing Street. Churchill, bareheaded, was, I thought, smilingly glad to demonstrate that he needed no police protection. But Tito, brought close to the Cenotaph by car, was still within bombing range from the crowd if any assassin had had one handy.

* * *

Personally, I was wedged tightly into a corner near Scotland Yard. When I arrived, Tito was expected within half an hour. We waited for two hours. Fortunately it was sunny and the crowd was lively. Someone suggested that Tito had dropped in for a pint at the "Prospect of Whitby." When the police motor cyclists came out, with all exhausts firing, we tried sympathetically to imagine the feelings of one of them if he had a puncture. And then we had the moment for which everyone, I suppose, had been unconsciously hoping. Just as Tito was getting into his car there was a flash and a bang behind us. Was this really it? Had someone thrown a bomb, or, as I imagined for a second, was this a diversion to cover the activities of a real assassin? Pushed from behind we surged forward, forcing the mounted police several yards into the road—a magnificent effort that could not have been achieved by anything less than an explosion. I looked back in time to see the tobacconist and photographic shops behind us momentarily hidden in a cloud of smoke. We easily stamped out some newspaper burning on the ground. Sternly we waited ready to repeat our observations—and feelings—to the police, who were not very interested. No one was seriously hurt. Tito had not been disturbed; Mr. Churchill would not even have heard the muffled bang of the magnesium flare. We should like to have been wanted, but we were not. Primed with talk, we shuffled off homeward where we were certain of a receptive audience.

CRITIC

MERCY FOR JUDGES

". . . And then the Justice
In fair round belly with good capon lined."

The Justices of Britain's Court Supreme,
Hit by inadequate remuneration,
Too long have shown the symptoms of extreme
Emaciation.

Lords of Appeal must stringently retrench
When summoned to the highest posts judicial;
The step from prosperous Bar to pauper Bench
Was sacrificial.

Too long obliged their office to discharge
On miserly, if Ministerial, pittance,
Soon High Court Judges will enjoy a large
Tax-free remittance.

Though Judges in pecuniary distress
Sentence with unexceptionable rigour,
They constitutionally should possess
A rounder figure.

The lean and hungry look, the lantern jaw
Bespeak the Judge beset by cares financial;
The most exalted pillars of the Law
Should be substantial.

The legal lights of highest eminence,
Symbols of lofty Justice none disparage,
Invested with becoming corpulence
And portly carriage.

This raid on the Consolidated Fund
Neither the Government nor public grudges—
Happy the land with affluent, rotund
And jovial Judges!

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Note for people in London: One restaurateur tells me there will be no exploitation in his place on Coronation night.

He is charging no more than eight guineas for dinner.—*Sunday Pictorial.* (J. A. Ewart.)

"Marigolds are charming in the summer," said Mr. Stevens, "particularly on poodles. Of course it depends on the event—I prefer a dog to wear carnations or violets for a formal occasion.—*Star.* (B. Pitts.)

In different circumstances—although both would probably deny this with indignation—Tito might have been a successful English country gentleman. —*News Chronicle.* (M. Humphrey.)

My husband always kisses me before he goes to work and when he comes in at night, and he always raises his hat to do so.—Letter in *Daily Mirror.* (L. J. Wickens.)

"Capital punishment applied to the wrong type of child—the nervous, sensitive type—may do irreparable harm," he said.—Report of speech in *Newcastle Journal.* (J. E. Daniels.)

Stalin and Marxism

I—THEORY AND REALISM

THE theoretician in Stalin cannot be separated from the party organiser. Lenin had shaped the party: he inspired it by such of his ideas as were applicable to Russian reality, though some of his conceptions reflected a non-Russian framework. Stalin, however, was shaped by Lenin's party. He could not have done his work had he thought of Russia in isolation; but he was neither able nor wished to think in terms other than those of the needs of contemporary Soviet Socialism. Marx's statement that theory becomes material power when it inspires the masses was interpreted, by his greatest pupil in the third generation, to mean that true theory proves itself by its effect as an organising force.

Accordingly, Stalin always emphasised those elements of complex reality which appeared to him politically relevant. In 1936, he stated that Socialism was accomplished in the U.S.S.R.; in his last article, in 1952, he discussed the transitional path—fairly long, as he emphasised—which had still to be travelled in order to achieve in the U.S.S.R. complete Socialist planning. He knew in 1936, as well as in 1952, that the right of the *kolkhoz* and its members to sell part of the agricultural output on a comparatively free market is *not* an element of Socialist planning; but in 1936 all forces had to be concentrated on the defence of the Soviet Union as it then was. In 1952, Stalin considered, the U.S.S.R. had grown strong enough to take further steps along the road of social reconstruction. Nothing is easier than to convict him of logical contradictions, nothing more difficult than to show even a single instance where he lost sight of his task. This task was the transformation, into a real and living social organisation, of the Socialism which had been foreseen on very general lines by Marx and Engels, and for whose establishment Lenin had created a new regime in a Sixth of the World. It was a Third of the World when Stalin died.

When I speak of Stalin the theoretician as "shaped by his party," readers should not think in terms of Transport House. The Russian revolutionary movement—like that of Germany when her classical philosophy was born, and that of China today—was involved more deeply in

argument on basic philosophical principles than the intelligentsia of any contemporary Western country. Stalin's article on "Anarchism or Communism" published in 1906, in an obscure Georgian underground sheet, had already outlined the presentation of the principles of Dialectical and Historical Materialism which he elaborated thirty years later in the corresponding chapter of the *Short History of the C.P.S.U.* Forty-seven years ago he was already placing the emphasis on essentials, eliminating Hegelian terminology, and revealing full appreciation of the part played by individuals and ideas in the historical process.

None of the theorists of the celebrated German Social-Democrat school could have written anything like this; and the superiority of Russian over Western Marxism would come out even more clearly if it were assumed that young Stalin was one of a dozen or so of promising provincial organisers whose early work has happened to be unearthed because of his later career. The high level of the philosophical argument in the early work reflected competition with another wing of the Russian revolutionary movement; the extremely successful popularisation in the later work—without loss of essentials and with the elaboration of details left open by Marx, such as the reason why dynamics of the forces of production provide a realistic explanation of the historical process—was due to the need for a systematic training of the hundreds of thousands of people who were taking the lead in social reconstruction of continental dimensions. The success of Stalin's life may be described in terms of the stages on which Marxist philosophy had its say, first, when he was its apprentice, and later, when he was its teacher.

The price to be paid for this achievement included the usual phenomenons of orthodoxy—*e.g.*, heresy-hunting; but the teacher himself, carrying in every one of his public utterances the party's full authority, had to pay part of the price. (His argument with the economists shows that frank discussions are still possible within a narrow circle.) More than half of his active life was spent in conditions when deviation from established standards of orthodoxy involved the likelihood of defeat in the caucus; and most of the other half in circumstances when his country's greatest need was a banner to rally around. He was the only person over whose signature obsolete dogma could be modified, but he had to be careful in using this power. Where he wished to drop obsolete statements of the classics (such as the concept of an impending breakdown of all kinds of bourgeois regimes, or that of the new society as conflictless) he did it by omissions in the 1937 document—not noticeable without detailed analysis—rather than by positive assertions, some of which (such as the concept of complete Communism in a single country) had the tendency to become obsolete even during his lifetime. Only a few of the gaps left in 1937 were filled, and that only tentatively, in the 1952 article on economics. But, in spite of all his tribute to orthodoxy, Stalin will survive in the history of Marxist theory as the man who freed it from the specific assumptions of the conditions from which it sprang. He thus enabled it to survive in a world in which Marx's general analysis proved right, and Marx's concrete analysis of Western social conditions proved mistaken. And the history of Soviet Marxism did not close on the day when Stalin closed his eyes.

In his last article, Stalin stated that, in Marx's as well as in his own days, direct transition to Socialist planning would have been possible only if the working class assumed power in a fully industrialised country such as Britain. Historical experience, however, had shown that the political force necessary to overcome the resistance of the vested interests did not materialise except in the shape of a political coalition of workers and peasants. Socialism, as built in the U.S.S.R., necessarily reflected the combination of a highly centralised industry with a backward agriculture. For long, Stalin had headed towards such a conclusion. At the VIth Party Congress, in July, 1917, he spoke of the possibility that Russia might be the very country that paved the way to Socialism. At that time, with the prospects of the German revolution still open, no Socialist could say more without being a defeatist. Stalin knew what he was up against. "There is a dogmatic Marxism, and a creative one. I stand for the latter."

The theoretical obstacles to a recognition of a Socialist revolution starting from Russia lay less in the general background of Marxism (Marx himself had occasionally considered possibilities of "a-typical" revolution, especially in Russia) than in the fact that Russian Social-Democracy had been formed in opposition to the Narodniks' assertion that the peasants' village community would provide the basis for Russian Socialism. The statement that Socialism could be built only in an industrial country was another way of saying that the Russian revolution, in its bourgeois-democratic as well as in its Socialist stage, could not triumph except under the leadership of the working class. So far, it was correct; but it also opened the way for a definition of Socialism as glorified trade unionism, or its identification with a picture of all the miracles which industrial civilisation (especially if seen at a distance) might be supposed to work. Given a revolutionary Russia set in isolation, the traditional concept of Socialism on a predominantly industrial basis offered no alternatives other than policy restricted to non-Socialist tasks, or desperate attempts at winning by Western revolutions the industrial basis which was lacking within Russia. In no case could the Russian revolution be a typical Socialist one.

After Lenin's death, Zinoviev defined Leninism as the adaptation of Marxism to the conditions of a country with a predominant peasantry. Stalin, replying, defined Leninism as the Marxism of the period of Imperialism and of the Socialist revolutions, distinguishing it thus from original Marxism as a higher stage of its development. It followed that the specific features of Leninism, especially the refusal to interpret revolution as a spontaneous process and the emphasis placed on the organising role of the party, reflected not local needs, but the very application of Marxism in practice. The specific conditions of Russia, the country where capitalism had first broken down because it represented the weakest link in the Imperialist chain, were interpreted, not as a deviation from an "ideal type" of Socialism but as the framework in which such Socialism as was possible in the first half of the twentieth century had to be built. Such aspects of the original Marxist concept as were incompatible with that framework were relegated to the background.

The Utopian elements in Marxism represent a large portion of the common ground between Marxism and the liberal traditions of the West; even if Stalin had not had to apply violence against those who clung to such traditions, his achievement would not be popular with those to whom Socialism is still the culmination of the liberal tradition. But it was his revision of concepts which saved the Russian revolution from foundering in exhaustion, as the English and the French revolutions had done, a decade after their start. Without the keen offensive against the existing structure of agriculture, peasant backwardness would have subordinated the nationalised industries to its needs, and prevented the country from holding its own on the international scale; the Bolshevik party would have gone the way of the Ironsides and of the Jacobins, breaking into pieces after the dictatorship had lost its *raison d'être*. The "second revolution" would have been impossible had not the party envisaged Socialism as its aim—achievable without wishful thinking about impending revolutions in other countries. By defining the function of his party as the continuous motor in a dynamic process Stalin made it the model for those nations which cannot hold their own in the world of today without continuous and intense transformations of their social structure.

In this sense, Stalin's theoretical work is identical with his organisational achievement. The theory of "Socialism in one country" served to indoctrinate the hundreds of thousands who were recruited to the party after Lenin's death, who decided Stalin's victory against the opposition, and who eventually carried out the Five Year Plans and the collectivisation of agriculture. When Stalin executed and exiled those who opposed this concept of Socialism, he executed the will of the party as it had grown under his leadership. Now the new generation occupied all the key positions. After tremendous crises, but with a large-scale industry, a modern army and a homogenous body, Soviet Russia faced the German onslaught. In the light of that struggle and its outcome, disputes about the proper theoretical description of what had been defended became insignificant. The U.S.S.R. had emerged as one of the Big Two, and its social structure had stood the test. But Russia was still in a state of transition. In a further article I hope to discuss Stalin's attempts to define her lines of development.

RUDOLPH SCHLESINGER

Model House

BEFORE a gigantic mirror, Aphrodite (*alias* Christine) stood tall and shapely—divinity flawed only by the workaday expanse of brown paper laid frugally under her feet to catch falling pins and fragments of chalk. On svelteness trammelled imperceptibly by the professionally traditional bra and roll-on, the designing staff—best call them artist-tailors—were fitting to 110 per cent. elegance a suit designed by Dorville for this year's Summer Collection. Christine, no less than the real live *belle farouche* Comtesse who practises downstairs parti-coloured magic with jumpers and consciously mad little hats, looked expensive; an ambience, say, of St. Moritz, *parfums Weil* and Air France. And indeed, the model she was wearing had cost plenty. Allow for a due accountancy proportion of the designers' travel expenses to Paris and Rome in search of ideas, and the general overheads of the designing room; then, reckoning in the materials and making, about £100 had gone into the creation of this one summery suit. Yet—and here is the commercial alchemy of Dorville and kindred firms—this hundred-pound look would presently be purveyed, wholesale and before tribute to Mr. Chancellor Butler, for twelve guineas—one-eighth, say, of the cost of the prototype.

They are linked, Dorville and its dozen confrères—so far as highly individualistic firms can be said to be linked—in the London Model House Group, which was formed in 1946 for the usual collective purposes of a trade association and, in particular, to maintain standards of quality, to assist buyers by co-ordinating opening-dates for Collections, and to make production and workers' employ-

ment more regular by systematising minimum periods over which deliveries to the shops must be spread. Together, these Model Houses represent a flourishing craft in which London holds a unique place—the production, and sale under brand names, of high-grade ready-to-wear women's clothes.

Nowhere else in the world is this precise type of fashion trade to be found. In the United States, where "made to order" clothes are the prerogative of the wives and girl-friends of millionaires, standards of quality, and notably of durability, in dresses "off the peg," have been largely submerged in mass-production. In Europe, the choice lies between the ultra-expensive *grand couturier* (or his scarcely less ruinous *boutique*) and the cheap but usually skimped and shoddy factory product retailed in the popular-price department store. For the middle-income Parisian or Roman whose taste exceeds the reach of her purse, the gap is filled by the modest dressmaker working for individual clients. But the "little woman" with real imitative skill is not a feature of contemporary England; nor would she be content to work on terms which her French or Italian sister will accept. Hence the development of London's Model Houses. They are not mass producers: with production "runs" normally of only a few hundred copies (in three sizes usually) of each model, they aim at producing, for medium purses, garments into whose design and making real integrity of craftsmanship has entered. In short, they are *couturiers en masse minime*.

For them, the name's the thing. A few of the more snobbish shops in London and the provinces buy clothes from the Group's members and put on their own labels—a questionable practice from the consumer's standpoint, and one naturally unpopular with firms who spend on a lavish scale to advertise their brand. In Dorville's showroom where, despite grizzled beard and time-stained duffle, this correspondent had trouble in convincing glamorous young women that he was not a new reporter from *Vogue*, the hope is obviously and logically entertained that Englishwomen, if they cannot boast of being dressed by Christian Dior at two hundred smackers a time, will take pride in being "dressed in Dorvilles." Certainly, since about 1930, women seem to have learned to rely less on this or that department store, and more on the brand name of the ready-made clothes they buy. It strikes me as a healthy development; and the particular firm which I—sublimely ignorant of the competitive merits of the Group's members—invaded, has a psychologically cunning name: French, but easy to the English tongue, and with a faint suggestion in it of the "style" of Deauville. In historical fact, its origin was less romantic, more accidental. The two founders of the House, Mr. Rose and Mr. Blairman, demobilised in 1919, were crossing Paris in a bus which they solemnly swear was horse-drawn. On a placard they caught sight of two names, Mistinguette and Dorville—the then famous French clown. Intending to start a business, which began with the importation of Parisian knitwear and blossomed gradually into wholesale *couture* (to say nothing of the exotic Comtesse), they decided, in a flash, that they had found a name of power.

But even in an industry in which today two names alone, those of Dior and Balenciaga, "create fashion"—or so at least I am told by experts—the name is not all. Between Christine at her mirror and Dorville's despatching room with its thousands of cellophane-wrapped garments ready for the retailer, there lies a hard-headed, closely calculated system of production. First comes the making of the prototype, perhaps an original design by Mrs. O'Neill, perhaps an adaptation of a model bought in Paris. (By trade agreement the great *couturiers* in all European capitals will sell their models to wholesale manufacturers *abroad*, but not in their own country.) On Christine, as I have said, the garment is fitted to perfection; but then God did not make all women like Christine. Hence the next stage is the making of a single stock-size "duplicate." This is where the pattern-room has to do its very skilled and exacting job. Exercising the utmost economy in the material by a layout of the pattern's pieces in what strikes the visitor's eye as a frenetic jigsaw; devising means whereby to minimise handwork in the factory; ensuring that the stock-size copies will be practical in wear *and yet retain the chic of the original design*—the direction of the pattern-room makes a vital contribution to the business.

Before the "showing" of the prototype, a nice estimation of eventual production costs has also to be made—a tricky job, it will be appreciated, since only long experience can enable labour-time in a complex process to be correctly judged in advance. Yet each item in a Collection must have a firm price for future delivery. After the "showing," an interval of a fortnight or so is usually allowed to elapse, in which orders from buyers who have seen the Collection accumulate. It is only then that the patterns pass to the factory, and production starts—though occasionally, if the demeanour of buyers at a "showing" indicates that one particular model is a sure "hit," production of that model may start next day.

I have written the word "factory," for that is what Dorville calls its workplace in Foley Street. Actually the word *atelier* would be more apposite to the size and atmosphere of the rooms. There is, of course, an organised "flow," and even a system of remuneration by wages and bonus, based on "time and motion" study. But there is nothing Stakhanovite about the norms; and though work on cotton dresses is organised for the machinists on a repetition system, the so-called conveyor belt, which carries the growing garment from one step to another, has no resemblance to the inexorable monster which inspired *A Nous la Liberté*. On the floor where garments of woollen and linen materials are made, each unit is the product, broadly speaking, of a single pair of hands—the machinists, of course, being replaced at intervals by the pressers, the tailors who fit sleeves and linings, and finally by the hand-workers who do the button-holing, felling and finishing. From the starting point of the process, a room in which material (usually exclusive to a particular Model House) is vigilantly inspected for flaws, to final pressing, packing and despatch, the work in this "factory" gives one the pleasant impression of an old-style tailoring shop, with all its individuality and pride, writ large on modern lines.

What are the prospects for this section of the fashion trade, on whose output the wives and daughters of the British *moyenne bourgeoisie* now increasingly rely, and whose world-wide exports, incidentally, are a quite significant factor in Treasury balance-of-payments calculations? The products of the Group are not inexpensive when Purchase Tax at 25 per cent., over a rather low D level, and the retailer's normal 50 per cent. mark-up are allowed for. Will the market, say, for suits and coats retailing at between 20 and 30 guineas contract under Mr. Butler's disinflationary pressures? Somewhat to my surprice, I found that those who plan and work under the aegis of their eponymous French clown have few fears on this score. Good quality, they argue, is always an economy for the purchaser in the long run; and, even if straitened means compel many women to "mix" their wardrobes with cheap stuff that passes muster for a season, they are not seriously worried about "competition from below," though it may be noted that some members of the Group sell more modestly-priced clothes under a separate brand name such as Dorville's "Corvette" series. At the other end of the price-range is a newcomer, a subsidiary launched recently in London by Christian Dior; its competition now impinges rather on British retail *couture*. Will Dior, with M. Boussac's fabled millions behind him, organise, more formidably, wholesale production at competitive prices, with the magic of his name on the label? The necessary organisation is not to be evolved in a day; and the London Model Houses have one solid reason not to be unduly afraid of immigrant competition. By taking thought and streamlining their factory costs, they are managing to produce clothes whose wholesale price, in comparison with 1938, has risen considerably less than that of most other consumers' goods. Dorville, *le vrai* Dorville, and that shrewd customer, Mistinguette, would surely applaud that achievement.

AYLMER VALLANCE

Equal Opportunity

SINCE the implementation of the Education Act of 1944 we have tended to assume that the day of equal opportunity has dawned. The school-leaving age has been raised. What was called a Modern school or a Senior school has become a Secondary Modern school. Local Authority Grammar schools, save for a few in Scotland, have been made free. Yet we are still as far from genuine equal opportunity as we were during my school days. Now, as then, we have a tripartite educational system, in which the Grammar school educates the very bright in preparation for university and the professions, the Technical schools educate, in the main, those who just fail Grammar school, and the Secondary Modern schools cope with the rest. At the same time, alongside the State system, the Public schools give advanced opportunity to children with wealthier parents. Moreover, even within the reformed system of State education opportunity is a chancy thing. There are still insufficient Grammar school places for those worthy of them. The proportion of Grammar school places varies greatly from one county to another. Many children, who in Carmarthen would reach the university and the professions through Grammar school, would, in Kent, be restricted to the Secondary Modern school.

Some argue that our present system is well adapted to our needs. We need leaders, administrators, scientists, artists, accountants and teachers: they will flow from the Grammar schools. We need chargehands, draughtsmen, shorthand-typists and radio engineers: they will come from Technical schools, followed perhaps by apprenticeship. We need hewers of coal and drawers of change from tills: they will come from Secondary Modern schools. So each stratum of industrial civilisation has its recruiting ground in one of the three types of school; and somehow the raw material can be graded into its life stream at the age of eleven. The manipulators of *Brave New World* were kinder than we. They at least graded their material before birth, conditioned it to an unquestioning acceptance of its role, and made sure that there was no untoward post-natal mental development. We grade our material at the age of eleven when it is acutely conscious of itself as a person, is aware that parents are anxious, and is, above all, very alive to the chances of success or failure. And either

SEALED AND DELIVERED

A *FIRM* of British motorcar manufacturers with a large export trade to Australia were worried about the deterioration in finish which occurred in transit. The bodywork was found to be blistered and the upholstery to be disfigured by mould. The company appealed for help to I.C.I., as suppliers of the finish. It was decided that the cause of the trouble and its cure could only be found by following the cars through from the moment they were placed in their packing cases in this country until they were delivered to the customer "down under". This meant long and tedious observation over a period of many months during which a technical service man from I.C.I. Paints Division at Slough travelled to Australia in a cargo ship with a consignment of cars. The trouble was eventually tracked down to "cargo-sweat"—a condition due to the combined action of heat and humidity in the holds of the ship during its passage through the tropics. The problem was then referred to I.C.I. Plastics Division at Welwyn for a cure, and a method was devised for wrapping each car completely in a sealed envelope of polythene film 0.002" thick. This material, being waterproof and providing a moisture vapour barrier, proved completely satisfactory.

Thus, by combining the technical service resources of two of its manufacturing divisions, I.C.I. helped a British car manufacturer to maintain a valuable export market in Australia.

ICI

can be equally damaging. The successful, who win Grammar school places, may assume superiority; the failures, who go to other schools, may feel themselves inferior. The class structure of society does not depend solely upon birth or wealth. The assumption of superiority is, in my opinion, just as undesirable when based upon intellectual achievement.

The argument for the three different streams would be stronger if the methods of selection were beyond reproach. But the tests applied to eleven-year-olds are questionable. They will, of course, sort out the brilliant from the dunderheaded. But no system yet devised can be effective in the middle ranges, where the contestants and their marks are crowded together, but where somehow, arbitrarily, the line between "ins" and "outs" must be drawn. Here, success or failure is a gamble pure and simple; yet success or failure at this stage will influence the child's career through youth to adult life.

What we need are schools catering for all the children in a neighbourhood regardless of wealth *or* ability. Schools in which the children work together in their age groups for some activities —drama and games, for example—then branch off to follow their bent, scientific, technical or arts, along with others of a like aptitude and capacity; schools which give equal chance to all and provide the highest standards for the brightest —above all, schools which are a microcosm of democratic society. This is what the Labour Party has had in mind when advocating, as it has, the Comprehensive school.

This type of school is complicated in organisation—hell on the framers of timetables. There are special difficulties in providing for the 16-18 year-olds up to best Grammar school standard; and there are problems of accommodation. (If we are to await the building of new schools we shall wait a very long time. We shall have to think of grouping existing buildings until new schools are built.) All these difficulties I admit; but they can be overcome. The problem has been solved in the United States, in New Zealand, and to some degree in Scotland; and it is being tackled in London. The choice, however, between "comprehensive" and tripartite education has been left to local authorities. We may well have to limit this local autonomy. Locally, even good Socialists are afraid of drastic change, perhaps due to a misunderstanding of the effect of the 1944 Act. Now that the local Royal Grammar School is open for the first time to working-class scholarship boys, they tend to assume that equality has set its seal on the township and are jealous of the integrity of what is now, in part, *their* Grammar School. They resist, therefore, any suggestion that its identity should be submerged in any "comprehensive" system.

Meanwhile, running its separate course, remote and unaffected, there is the British Public school system. It is almost as wicked to attack the fabric of a cathedral as to attack the Public schools of Britain. But they warrant no such veneration: from altruistic beginnings, the charitable spreading of literacy among the sons of the poor, they have become the instruments of privilege. Yet the Labour Movement, when it has not burked this anomaly, has tinkered with three solutions. The first, based on fond hope, is to assume that further improvement in local authority education, plus high taxation, will persuade parents to forgo fee-paying education. This entirely ignores the prestige value of Public school education. Many local authority schools do, in fact, teach better than many Public schools. But there are still waiting lists for the Public schools—and the fees are met from capital.

The second solution is to gear the Public schools into the State system by reducing the entrance age to eleven and by providing scholarships for most of the places. This method, however, would have all the socially undesirable consequences of the present tripartism in the State system. It would perpetuate the *Führerprinzip* on a slightly different basis, with the additional disadvantage that it would skim most of the cream from the State schools, on the doubtful assumption that potential leaders can be identified at the age of eleven. Neither Ernest Bevin nor Winston Churchill would have survived this test.

The third solution is to abolish all independent fee-paying schools save those which remain from the 1944 settlement on denominational education. This is no more radical than the abolition of other past manifestations of privilege, such as the university vote and the purchase of commissions in the army. It would, however, be sheerly destructive if the capital equipment and tradition of the Public schools were then allowed to rot. I would like to see them used as national residential sixth-forms catering for the 17-18 year-olds. They would thus be strictly complementary to the Comprehensive schools, and would help to meet the admittedly difficult problem of maintaining a high-standard sixth form in a small Comprehensive school. There could, too, be a degree of specialisation among such residential schools. Rugby, for example, sited near the industrial Midlands, could give more attention to technical subjects, and become as it were, the Sandhurst of engineering. Shrewsbury could be the Sandhurst of agriculture, while Eton became the Sandhurst of the arts instead of, as at present, the Sandhurst of politics and company directorships. This, however, should be merely a change of emphasis, not single-minded specialisation: it should be complementary to a liberal education in the widest sense.

WILFRED FIENBURGH

Exmoor Story

SOME years ago the present writer, disguised rather unsuccessfully as a gunner and afflicted with justifiable doubts about the stability of his puttees and the mutual relationship of his spurs, found himself helping to line the London streets for a State occasion. And, as the great ones of the earth filed past a few feet in front of him, he observed with growing fascination that prominent men resemble their caricatures far more closely than their photographs. From this he deduced that an element of exaggeration is an essential part, if not in truth, at least in the effective presentation of truth. Hence the particular interest of Exmoor, an agricultural area with most of the features of its physical and economic landscape considerably larger than life and at least twice as natural. For this very exaggeration illustrates with a peculiar clarity and emphasis the basic realities of our more normal farmland.

For instance, Old England contained many huge stretches of waste but few quite so wholehearted as Exmoor. Poor soil, elevation, exposure, heavy rainfall and distance from urban markets all combined to keep it in an almost Hobbesian state-of-Nature long after most of primæval England had yielded to the axe and spade of the reclaiming farmer. As late as 1794, for instance, Billingsey traversed 20,000 acres of upland desolation, relieved only by one farmstead and thirty-seven trees, whose sole agricultural value was the rough grazing it provided for sheep and cattle. But Billingsey was an official of the first Board of Agriculture, a man of the New Farming trained to stand no nonsense from rural nature, and even in this waste he perceived capabilities. "Given the spirit and fortune of some of our wealthier gentlemen of England," he wrote, thinking of the incentives which lay in the growing, hungry towns of his time, "Exmoor could become as fair a prospect as the surrounding countryside." And so it proved. In 1820, John Knight bought 15,000 acres of this wilderness and began that economic epic which was to bring it within the boundaries of the Farming Kingdom.

Now, John Knight and his son Frederic, who succeeded him, were almost excessively typical figures, exaggeratedly classic cases of the "agricultural improver." First, they were men of great wealth, they could afford to take long views, to experiment, to invest heavily and wait for returns. Secondly, they were not farmers, neither were they born of farming stock. They came from a long and successful line of iron-masters, and their family traditions were industrial and commercial, not agricultural. Thus we owe Exmoor, as we owe so much else in the countryside, to men of more than agricultural experience and more than agricultural resources. Farming is not a self-sufficient trade.

The story of the reclamation, of the draining and the liming and the ploughing, of the making of the roads and the hedges and the building of the farmsteads, of the trials and the errors and the changes of policy and the sheer mass of sustained physical effort has been told, classically, by Dr. Orwin. The whole huge task was executed without mechanical power of any sort. Only in the 1870's, at the very end of the "heroic period," did the steam-ploughs come to Exmoor; every ditch was dug, every furrow turned, every load of lime and bricks carted by the labour of men or animals. Thus did the improvers of only a century ago meet the challenge which in our own time sent the tracklayers to plough above the clouds in the Welsh hills and the excavators to trench and ditch in the wetlands. It took the Knights, therefore, working in full flush of Victorian vigour and backed by the technical resources of the most developed economic system of their time, half a century to establish a productive agricultural community in these wilds. Oh, yes, we too have had our Moving Frontier, much of it not so very long ago. But though the pioneers of the prairies whom we watch so admiringly from our cinema seats are familiar figures in our lives, to how many of us who have spent a

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holiday driving or walking on Exmoor are the Knights even a name?

So for the past. The present has been described in an economic report, published by Bristol University in 1949, on the whole of this upland area. The background now, however, is not the high purpose of the Knights but the depression which began, ironically, about the time that the reclamation was completed. Yet Exmoor, despite the handicaps of soil and climate which reduce its output per acre to barely half that of Somerset plain, fared relatively better than many more wealthy areas. For this there were two reasons.

First, nature had imposed on Exmoor a farming pattern prematurely suitable for the changed conditions which caused the general collapse of the predominantly corn-growing lowlands. Thus of hundred acres of cultivated land on Exmoor about eighty are normally under grass and of the remainder less than two carry cash-crops, while animal products, at present mainly milk, account for all but 10 per cent of the average farm income. Secondly, Exmoor is primarily a land of small farms. Over a third of the farms in the survey area were under 75 acres, less than one in six over 250 acres. Now, the smaller the farm the greater the importance of the labour of the farmer and his family, and though a theoretical 50 per cent of the costs of production on the average Exmoor farm goes on labour, only half of this labour is hired. Most Exmoor farms, therefore, rely on labour which in hard times is prepared to draw no more than its keep from the land, and this gives them an economic elasticity denied to the larger, more "industrial" farms which depend on hired labour; indeed, this distinction forms one of the main lines of demarcation in our farming industry. Thus in both the type and structure of Exmoor farming we can see, writ small, factors of more than local importance. It is the role of grass in the modern rural economy and the peculiar characteristics of the family farm that condition British agriculture to-day.

Even more significant, however, is the summarised evidence of the Bristol survey on the capital equipment of the Exmoor farming industry. For this concept of a farm as an area of land with buildings on it is one of the most natural, widespread and subversive of all the fallacies of the Great Urban Mythology. In reality, a farm is an area of land organised and equipped for food production and we think too much of crops and stock and not enough of the design and equipment of the factory in which they are produced. And the long depression has dealt harshly with the physical framework of British Agriculture; it has hindered maintenance, it has prevented modernisation, and the cost it now exacts in inconvenience, waste and inefficiency is heavy.

Consider, for instance, Exmoor's field-system, designed before the days of mobile mechanical power. Fields on Exmoor are small, for on the farms of under 50 acres, half the land is in enclosures of under 4 acres, on the farms of over 50 acres, half the land is in enclosures of under 7 acres. In both cases this is too small for the convenient use of modern methods of cultivation, a serious defect now that the plough is one of the primary agents for the improvement of the old pastures which it breaks for reseeding. The hedges of these little fields, it is true, provide valuable shelter, but even in this exposed area the number of these "banks" is excessive. So is their economic cost, for they occupy about one acre in 25, they habour rabbits, they demand heavy maintenance. Again, consider farm buildings. Nearly half the farms surveyed have not enough storage for grain, foodstuffs and fertilisers, all valuable commodities peculiarly liable to damage by damp, and only one farm in three has

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enough storage for machinery and implements. Consider, too, the supply of water and electricity, the one essential, the other useful agriculturally as well as domestically. One farm in three reported seasonal water-shortages, one farm in eleven had either public or private electricity.

Admittedly, it is easy to exaggerate the importance of all this, for in practice many farmers, particularly small farmers, live, work and produce cheerfully and without undue agonising under conditions which, on paper, vary from the merely difficult to the frankly intolerable. It is also probable that, for a variety of reasons, standards on Exmoor are in these respects perceptibly lower than those of most lowland areas while the majority of the farms surveyed would qualify under recent legislation for certain Government grants towards the cost of long-term improvements. Nevertheless, we can see in this study, in crude, documentary form, one of the major physical obstacles to any increase in food-production in this country—the obsolete design and poor condition of the capital equipment which so many of our farms have inherited from the past. Here again, therefore, does the Exmoor microcosm represent with almost dramatic emphasis more general agricultural reality.

NIGEL HARVEY

Time to Kill

THE wine was a moth, the food was a feather, and the bed a spring of larks. It was with backward looks that the young couple left the auberge next day, nor could their landlady winkle one word of complaint out of them. "But there must," she had insisted sadly, "be *one* little fault, monsieur. No? Just one. Only think——." "I can only think," said the young man reluctantly, "of the number of flies in the *lavabo*" Madame at once brightened. "At what time did monsieur go to the *lavabo*?" "At nine o'clock." "Ah, but of course," cried Madame triumphantly, "Monsieur should have gone at midday, when the flies migrate to the dining-room."

How time flies, neatly like logic, or lightly like love. And how—may God send us a cause for wonder!—in the prophetic world of poetry and dream and predestination, it flies backwards. Here the fire-engine arrives and the fire breaks out; the doctor waits gravely by the healthy bed; the aged alpinist finds his youthful father in the glacier; winding sheet and swaddling-band are one. "What a waste of powder!" remarked the Chinese seer as he watched the shot bird falling to earth. "How?" asked the hunter. "The fall would have killed it," said the sage.

But of all times the most desolating is when time stands still. The shot bird hangs in air, the blown rose forgets to fall, the world turns to stone. It was always at two o'clock in the afternoon that it happened. I would look from the window at the long-ago landscape, the tideless light brimming the sky, the fountain sunk in thought, the still fields, the dead end; and the uttermost apathy and despair of spirit filled me to infinity, like a nothingness of mind, a dereliction of purpose. It was this eternal afternoon, this tideless torpor, this timescape flat as a sister's kiss, that afflicted the medieval monks so sadly, and which they called the sin of *accidie* or sloth. The prospect of a world without mutability drained them of energy and hope. If only time had come marching along the road, quick-march, left-right, tick-tock, to-fro, to break up the apathy. For time and tide, as tit-tat lovers know, are a shuttle, a *tutoyer*, a constant truck and traffic between two points (in which the light is forever amber), a losing and finding of arrival and departure. To be static, to have no point of departure, no give-and-take of being, no systole of faith and diastole of doubt, is death, death in the afternoon. Better, far better, to be living-wrong than to be dead-right; better to have a flutter, even if only on the dogs.

> Safety stints us, turns us to stone, to one.
> This always-gibbering between fear and hope
> Doubles our life, and is the bloody pulse
> Of every vein. O angel of our dread,
> Delicately cater for us rough feeders
> Who ask a stone, and daily give us bread.

"And there shall be no more sea," says the Book of Revelation, describing the blessed calm of Eternity. In other words, no more tides, no more to-and-fro, no two sides to anything, no wiving or waving, no coming and going: the web of life has been woven, the wag-at-the-wall has stopped. What a melancholy prospect! Give me time-and-tide every time, with its tip-and-run, jig-and-jag, make-and-breakneck excitement. No doubt we can have too much of a good thing; I have every sympathy with Customs officers who are censorious when one brings back a few wrist-watches from abroad—as if one hadn't enough time on one's hands without trying to import it. All the same, I prefer the striking flux of Time to the sticky fixity of Eternity where—as the Good Book tells us—there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage, neither is there any night; no *tutoyer* at all between people, all the dead-long day; no wars, loves, divisions, disappointments or contradictions; no busybodies; in fact, nobody at all—just one vast rusty collectivised Church Army surplus of immobiles and immortals, once militant, but now triumphant and infinitely at peace. No! Like AE, I pray God that I may have enemies to keep me alive, and that I may have time to temporarily kill.

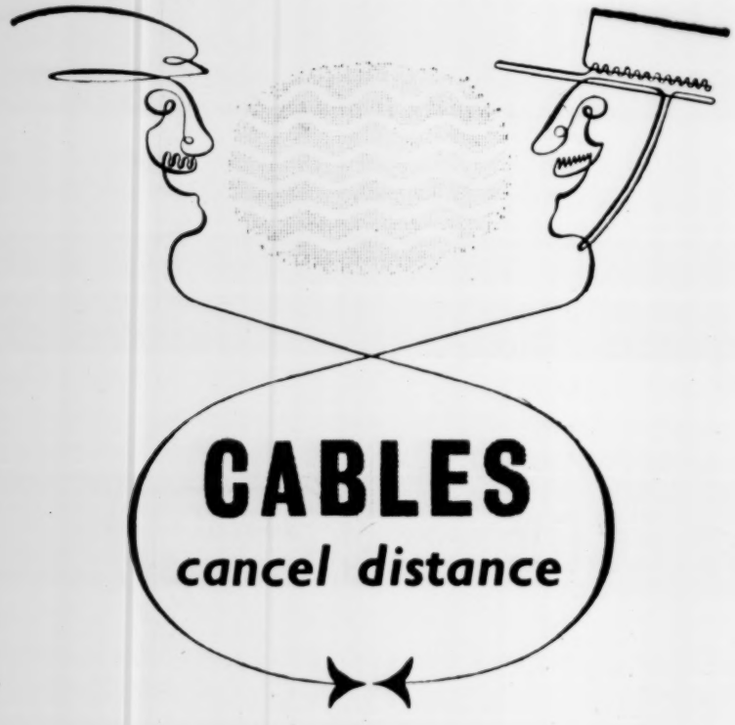
For we live and move and have our being by virtue of that split infinitive "time"; and, like Adam, we multiply by first dividing. In the *Purgatorio* Virgil girds Dante with a reed before faring him forth on his journey, a reed that grew between land and water—symbol of that fructifying struggle, of that life which is born from the rub of opposites, from coming and going.

As with people, so with words. These, too, as every writer knows, have their times and tides and double meanings and motions; their oppositions, their yea and nay, their rub and rob; they are never static, never one in meaning. "I would trust the maker of a dictionary to explain the meaning of one word, but not the meaning of two words," quoted Boswell to the approving Dr. Johnson. Nothing pleases me so much, in writing, as to be able to sit on both sides of the sense, and if there were six sides I would sit on them all. "If you can say a thing, shouldn't you be able to unsay it?" a child inquired of me. It is the very quality of life: to do both things at once is to be true to life and time, for truth speaks with a forked tongue and has the flickering knowledge of both good and evil, past and future, light and shadow, land and water. "All great visions," said a poet and visionary, "come to us between the lights, between waking and sleeping."

But how time stands still when we have nothing to reach for and nothing to withdraw from. "If you go on drinking whisky you'll shorten your days," said a doctor to a Dublin friend of mine.

"You are quite right," said my friend; "I stopped it once for a whole day and it was the longest day I ever spent."

W. R. RODGERS



Leaflets

"The foundations of the national glory," says a banner swinging from the Olympian roof, "are set in the homes of the people." But not, on the whole, in the homes represented on all these decorated stands. These are Ideal Homes, goals on what Mr. Churchill used to call the sunlit uplands. How ideal, and unattainable, becomes more apparent as the years go by. As you shuffle round with the tired thousands, too tightly packed to fall over, the idealism on the display stands seems so remote that it would be uncouth in you to stand and stare, and yet it may be ruder still not to listen while the young ladies are talking about them. They have been trained not to pout when you pretend not to be taking notice of them; but although their smiles are counterfeit and their roving eyes see nothing, they *are* pretty and you ought not to risk hurting them. So you stop.

You are at Better Furniture. It is better because its legs do not splay like the corners of a curly pyramid; they are sturdy legs with the old-fashioned claw-and-ball feet, the plushy upholstery is brocaded and has cloth studs. Maids will do the brushing. It is feudal furniture. And yet people with the indelicacy to lift a cushion will find, underneath, not vertically compressed springs sown on to webbing strips but horizontally stretching springs that radiate from a little central plate of metal. For me, this alone is why such furniture is Better. I rather like the splaying, spindly legs that Mr. Heal has given to our chairs and tables, and I do not pine for Queen Anne or the Jacobeans; but I loathe old-fashioned chair springs and their primitive supports of webbing; and if I cannot afford latex rubber cushioning I want torsive springing . . . You will take a leaflet? (It seems nicer to take a leaflet than simply to say "Not today.") You take one kindly, and move on to Water Softening.

You do not need the clinical cross-sections of furred-up pipe to convince you about water-softeners, but you receive your annual jolt from the stop-press urgency of the slogans and threats. Possibly you *might* afford one? You go into it all again with the man on the stand. What district? Ah, sixteen per cent. hardness. How many in family? Yes, 800 gallons a week. You'd need a model "D," Sir. £104 10s., fixing extra. "But we can arrange something about the cost," he calls after you. (You know what he means.) You now have two leaflets.

You come to a well-spoken electric cooker, talking in the first person to a sheepish crowd. "Look at my easily accessible oven," it says; and it lowers its door like a drawbridge. "Notice," it continues, "the capacious drawer underneath my oven for pots and pans not in use." You nod a little curtly and shuffle on. No need, this time, for any propitiatory business with leaflets. A talking cooker can still be treated as an upstart.

But into what homes do all these things go, these Hollywood baths, wrought-iron peacocks, projector television sets, rotor scythes? In the Ideal Homes branch of the Westminster Bank, a few clients in striped trousers are putting through cheques. These are the men whose homes are the foundations of the national glory. The rest do as I do: "Are these things in the shops yet?" I ask. "Oh, yes, they're just coming in, sir." (It's sometimes true, but many of them you don't see again until next year at Olympia.) "Thanks—I'll get one later. Could I have a leaflet?"

Did I say no one else is buying? One in ten, this year, buys a long-handled sponge mop. You can see them everywhere; the buyers use them, in the crush, to recall members of their parties with a prod in the back. I have a leaflet about these mops. I also have leaflets about joining the R.A.F., and a leaflet about going to live in New Zealand.

C. H. Rolph

The Arts and Entertainment

THE UNKNOWN POLITICAL PRISONER

Imagine: on one hand the most cogent, truly contemporary and relevant, human symbol of our time—the Unknown Political Prisoner; on the other a plinth in the Tate Gallery on which were arranged three screws, some bus tickets, a few matches and a crumpled paper bag. Within that contrast can be seen the enormity of the failure of the admired, so-called progressive art of our time. The arrangement of the screws and other scraps was in fact a joke perpetrated by an early, indignant visitor to the exhibition. For some reason or other a work had been removed from its numbered stand and an opportunity thus presented itself for this satirical comment. Several later visitors to the private view, however, treated it as a serious exhibit. But—and this is the point—they were completely justified in doing so if the majority of the other "legitimate" entries were also to be taken seriously. One can argue about the ingenuity, the formal sensibility, the tortuous symbolic interpretations that lie behind the ironmongery, the modelled tree roots, the obscure engineering-models-without-function, which pose as relevant works of art on other plinths, but when considered (as they must be) in the context of their set subject, their inadequacy is as absolute as that of the bus tickets. Even a faithful model of an ancient, cast-iron man-trap would have had more point than most of these obtuse, arbitrary variations on the same theme.

What, however, is the reason for the farce of this competition (organised by the I.C.A.) and of the sculpture it has encouraged? Fundamentally, I believe that it is caused by the current belief that art must generalise, must be above, and impartial to local, urgently everyday issues. This belief is reflected in the conditions of the competition itself and in the majority of the works submitted and awarded. (One brave if unresolved exception was an entry from Indonesia by Eddy Sunayso.)

No site was decided upon for the winning monument. Besides the technical problems of scale, juxtaposition and light, made so difficult by such vagueness, the lack of any sense of specific destination must have gone a long way to cutting the artists off from proper, possible sources of inspiration. A *public* monument becomes a nodal point for general emotion through its particular associations. A cross above the site of Buchenwald will have a different value from a cross in Hyde Park.

The "generalising" illusion, though, went deeper than that. It was to be an International Competition, open to all ideologies: well-intentioned but impossible. A mere photograph of any prisoner in any cell might gain a truly universal emotional currency. But as soon as one begins to inquire (which the artist must do) beyond the superficial facts of appearance, one comes to the issue of the beliefs, the intimate images of heartening strength, the ideals, the hatreds, which sustain that prisoner in his will to keep faith with his fellow men. These, as the world knows to its cost, are opposed. A trade unionist imprisoned in Spain and a counter-revolutionary in Siberia live or die by the light of different, often totally opposed images. Works expressing them would consequently be impossible to compare since, whether we realise it or not,

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we are all implicated in that conflict. All works of art, within their immediate context, are bound directly or indirectly to be weapons: only after a considerable passage of time, when the context has changed, can they be viewed objectively as *objets d'art*. Also any artist who treated this subject purely æsthetically would obviously betray it, and at the same time any attitude of comprehensive compassion has finally to spring from a generosity normally only possible because of a sustained faith—which then implies some ideological alignment. A truly *disinterested* saint-like tolerance is sometimes achieved by rare individuals, but it will not produce art, and it is significant that those sects and faiths, which have aimed at such meekness, have not produced any. Valid art, in fact, because it derives from passionate, fairly simple convictions about life, is bound, in one sense, to be intolerant.

If this argument sounds too arbitrary, the works now on show surely support it. They are tolerant, uncommitted, remote, anæsthetised, harmless and therefore, in the end, impertinent. There is an obvious connection between the illusion of uncommitted art, internationalism of style (the 140 works from about 30 countries are almost all interchangeable) and abstraction. Shapes without meaning are not unlike sounds without words. And one has the impression that most of these artists, driven by a futile ambition to rise above their local limitations (which are really their privileges), were determined to transcend language itself. The result—a sort of obverse Babel.

Yet it is even worse than that. For behind their obscurity the majority are also sentimental. Without the support of a tradition an artist can only create the symbolic by fully accepting the particular and then, by the sheer force of his identifying imagination, making it *typical*. If one begins with generalisations, one produces only sermonising platitudes. For the subject of this competition the privilege of expressing such concepts as Freedom, Pity, Courage, Hope, could only be earned by those who first struggled in their imagination with excrement, cringing fear, home-sickness, petty cowardice. It was this kind of struggle which made the Burghers of Calais, Guernica, or (on a lesser scale) Marie Andriessen's *Concentration Camp Victims* seen last year in Battersea Park. And it is the total evasion of any such struggle which has made impotent the Hepworths, the Calders, the Pevsnevs, the Gabos, the Chadwicks—all winners of this competition, none of whom had the energy to do more than produce yet another stock studio-piece, and who presumably would have won—assuming the same judges—if they had casually adapted any work done ten years ago.

The choice of the twelve winners also emphasises how negative the final conclusions of the "generalising" attitude are bound to be. Five of them gain their drama by dwarfing a human figure in comparison with some huge, impersonal, fateful machine. None, despite the many terrible but heroic examples of the last war, moves beyond Kafka to *affirmation*. Nine, if they evoke anything at all, evoke pitying despair; two the vague, merely automatic confidence of any simple, vertical engineering unit; and one (Reg. Butler's, which won first prize) is a compelling emblem—but an emblem of Defeat. And the fatal shortcoming of an emblem of Defeat is that only a spectator, never a protagonist, can erect it.

To sum up: I believe the competition can be said to have been a total failure. First, because it aimed to stimulate sympathetic public interest, and in fact has—with good reason—alienated the public. Secondly, because it has failed to inspire a single important work. And thirdly—and worst of all—because it has encouraged the most hapless, aimless, and therefore inevitably reactionary type of work. Only one thing can now justify the competition; if it really forces us to draw the necessary conclusion that beyond all the qualifying, fragmentary arguments, the "official" modern art of the West is now bankrupt. Personally I came away from so much pretentiousness convinced that within a decade or so, art will either be rightly and necessarily humbled by those who care about it, or ruthlessly humiliated by those who don't.

JOHN BERGER

ROMEO UP TO DATE

"SCENE," someone murmured during the first interlude at Sadler's Wells, "outside the White Horse Inn, Verona"; and it cannot be denied that there was something strongly Tirolese about the zestful, galumphing rhythms and the tingling orchestration. One almost expected a gang of leather-bum-slappers to pound on to the stage, yodelling: "Im Haus Capulets da kann man stets lustig sein!" Already, so early in the evening, Heinrich Sutermeister's hugely successful opera had damned itself in the eyes of tasteful persons; and indeed it is not cut out for the Third Programme—although, as it happens, it will be heard there next Friday.

But the total condemnations that are now flying round, the groans that Sadler's Wells should have wasted time and money on such rubbish—these seem to me exaggerated and a little absurd. *Romeo and Juliet* is no masterpiece. It is physically exhilarating, theatrically effective, musically second-rate and second-hand—yet most ingenious in the art (shown also by Wolf-Ferrari) of making a little go a long way. If effective new operas of high musical quality were as thick as blackberries, then there would certainly be no point in staging this modern *Romeo*. As things are, however, what is poor Mr. Tucker expected to do? A few years ago he put on a strange new kind of music-drama, a work with certain theatrical drawbacks, no doubt, but one of startling originality and beauty—and what happened? The critics damned it, the B.B.C. ignored it, and the public stayed away. Now, *Katya Kabanova* is a work of art beside which Sutermeister's *Romeo* hardly exists; but if we consign *Katya* and *Romeo* and *Samson and Delilah* and goodness knows how many more possible choices all to one and the same dustbin, then what on earth, outside the few supreme masterpieces and the cast-iron popular favourites, is our operatic diet to consist of? I can't help feeling that the whole British attitude to opera is unhealthy, because at once too suspicious and too reverent. *Du heil'ge Kunst . . .* yes, of course; but what if the ideal beauty of such masterpieces as *Figaro* and *Tristan* and *Otello* should result in our all, critics and public alike, applying impossibly lofty standards to the day-by-day repertory? New plays are not dismissed because they are inferior to those of Shakespeare or Sophocles or Shaw. New novels are not measured against Tolstoy and Balzac. Yet that, in effect, is what happens to new operas. Any perceptive musician should be able to see that the Swiss composer's *Romeo and Juliet* is musically thin; he ought also to recognise its positive qualities. I don't myself believe that a wholly worthless opera can be successfully produced at forty opera-houses within twelve years; nor do I find it hard, in this case, to account for such a success.

The composer is a born man of the theatre. He has ingeniously condensed his own libretto from the standard Schlegel translation of Shakespeare; and he shows his vivid theatrical sense in the very first bar of the opera, which is memorable. The strings rush violently up an octave to reach a sudden trembling pianissimo on the high notes of piano and harp. The audience is at once gripped: it feels a premonition of the hot youthful blood and the sudden still ecstasies of the

JOSEPH

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Italian story which is to be unfolded. The curtain up, we plunge at once into the strife of the two houses. Everything is swift and decisive; when the Prince's pronouncement has cleared the stage, the brief episode of the comic illiterate servant is handled with such dexterity that it is a gift to the performer. At the Capulet ball, the first meeting of the lovers is accompanied by one of the key themes of the work, here given to the solo violin. The theme is in itself undistinguished, but it has a catching lilt, it is cleverly harmonised and, like so much of the score, it works beyond all expectation: the moment is theatrically very striking. So is the curtain to this scene, when the last phrase of Juliet's solo is echoed at the same pitch by the distant sopranos of an unseen chorus ("Voices of the Night"), and gradually passed down from octave to octave as Verona sinks to rest.

The balcony scene demands a richer lyrical invention than the composer can supply; but by dint of grateful vocal writing and various kinds of ingenuity he brings it off. The whole score is indeed a mass of tricks; and in the second of the two short acts we become too conscious of them. In particular, we grow tired of the peculiar sound of the orchestra: hefty unisons with a frosty shimmering of celesta, harp and piano in the highest register. We begin to notice, too, that at the very moment which should inspire a musical climax the composer is inclined to abdicate and rely on the spoken word—for instance, at Juliet's drinking of the potion. In one way and another, the musico-dramatic temperature drops in the second act. Nevertheless, the Sadler's Wells public, if not (as I hope) too submissive to critical opinion, may well find itself as enthusiastic, for a short while, as those of Germany and Switzerland. Sutermeister (born in 1910) is a pupil of Carl Orff; and, like Orff, he is in full revolt against the intellectual and textural complexities which have tended, throughout this century, to strangle the dramatic life of opera. His *Romeo* has some of the crude vitality of Orff's *Carmina Burana*: it is alternately rough and sentimental, but never dowdy or prim. It may perhaps appeal as strongly to the young of today as *The Immortal Hour* appealed to their fathers. All the same, and despite my sympathy with Mr. Tucker's predicament, I can't help wondering whether he is not overdoing things in producing both these works in the same season.

The opera was given a sound performance under the extremely capable direction of James Robertson. Victoria Elliott sang beautifully and made a touching Juliet to the reasonably romantic Romeo of Rowland Jones. Among the lesser parts, Anna Pollak's Lady Capulet was outstanding.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE MOVIES

"Moulin Rouge," at the Carlton
"Street Corner," at the Odeon

There's only one film, as, whatever paper you read, you'll have gathered. I don't myself see the *Daily Stunt*—unless on either side of me in the tube—but I imagine that *Moulin Rouge* will have its appeal for the *Daily Stunt* also. Tarts! Can-cans! Aristocrat whose posters now command dollars!! Famous star dwarfs himself!!! Bathroom scene!!!! Yes, *Moulin Rouge* has us all, and *Sight and Sound* will consider and object, but at length, at length.

Well, I have enjoyed, and I will object a little, too. My enjoyment comes of a Monday morning (since my Press ticket for last week arrived too late) in the first four rows, full before the show started. We weren't the usual 10 a.m. spiv-and-cosh audience separated each by a seat from the next. We touched, and withdrew, elbows. We knew about Toulouse-Lautrec. We knew a bit of French, but didn't need it.

Then, after the disquieting News, there burst upon us (forewarned) the dazzling, rioting, triumphing entry of the Moulin Rouge. Not so long ago—still to be relished, in fact—there was Max Ophuls's beginning to *Le Plaisir*: Paris (a little earlier), snowy night, masked ball, the world prancing in. This was even gayer and furiouser, in Lautrec-colour. The smoky salmons, yellows and blues won the eye hardly less than the girls and the revellers and the band and the grotesques and the flimsy-flouncy-bummy whirl with which, at the Moulin Rouge, everything ends. Only our painter, a serious ram with pince-nez and topper, who had been sketching on his table paper, remained; the lights downed, and the chars took the floor; little Lautrec hobbled away, to extend his pain along empty streets to the studio nearby.

The film had made its two points which—with a bit of romance and art talk—it was to go on making to the end. There was Lautrec's world and his vision of it; there was—oddly transfixing—Lautrec himself. On the artfulness with which this child-legged man has been simulated I needn't enlarge; after the first dubious, startled glance we accept him, and his image impresses itself remarkably. He sits touching the depths of his "gay" world with unvarying absorption; he sketches, he arrests movement, he imparts finality to fashion; he gets up—an action with him barely distinguishable from sitting—and snails away, never acknowledging a martyrdom boldly assuaged by drink. Mr. José Ferrer plays him hard-voiced and inflexible, bodily, pictorially as it were; and persuasive indeed is the performance. Unshed tears are his strength; they merge into our admiration of the artist, whose works, even as he works on them, are skilfully deployed.

John Huston's direction is masterly; and I've no doubt that, if his dialogue were in French, we should stifle any desire to criticise.

It *should* be in French: foreign English accents never quite pay when the issue may be in doubt. But that is a lesser point. *Moulin Rouge* is, for the most part, such good Lautrec, so sympathetically engaged with the master's colours and forms, that one angrily resists importations. Two love affairs are imported: they're not bad, but are they good enough? Why did Huston choose to concoct his film, not from Lautrec's life, but from a novel less interesting? How dull he has found the fantastic father, the mother who exerted her protection to the end! Why make his drinking matter-of-fact, when it had more Gothic twirls and imps than Rouen cathedral? Why miss all the good anecdotes—the pilgrimages to painters, the bathing, the rowing machine in the studio, the recommendation of England where drunkenness is accepted, the asylum, the dinner parties, and the pranks? Lautrec was the liveliest of companions (see, for example, Renard's reportings of him), but you would never guess so from *Moulin Rouge*. Here is hardly more than a doll, a Droeshout effigy, of the living man. However, the lonely little stunted figure takes the screen, in a way we shan't forget.

Street Corner brings the women police up for admiration. They climb along ledges, sit in night clubs, nurse babies, and patrol in twos, and it's not their fault if they can't go off on car chases or get shot in the stomach. Perhaps it won't come as too much of a shock to film-goers that they have, these trifles apart, almost everything.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

TELEVISION NOTES

"ALL the world's a stage . . ." does, I fear, lose at least half of its point when you hear it coming at you in close-up from the television screen; and here, surely, lies the insuperable difficulty in substituting the cathode-ray tube for "this wooden O." Shakespeare, even at his most naturalistic, is too theatrical, too audience-conscious, too remote for our new cosy, chintzy, intimate medium. *As You Like It*, which was done last Sunday and repeated yesterday, gave me the feeling of, as it were, looking in from without upon a major play and not really experiencing it at all. Still, the production exploited to the full those points at which television can score—in brisk cuts, for instance, from court to forest, and in a splendid torchlit version of the wrestling-match. Margaret Leighton and Laurence Hervey made a distinguished principal pair and

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no Duke, one felt, can ever have suffered his banishment and the cold's icy fangs with a more exquisite and unruffled aplomb than Walter Hudd. Though Mr. Campbell Logan did not manage to convert those of us who are agin Shakespeare on television, he may nevertheless congratulate himself on having adroitly avoided the shambles that this slow-moving sententious play might easily have become.

Shakespeare also made a personal appearance this month—in *William's Other Anne*, Mr. Ivor Brown's piece of hypothetical nonsense which was curiously successful. (The Drama Department should perhaps consider whether one solution to its problem of script-hunger may not be to encourage authors to write *short* plays of this length; the average commercial play with its two intervals is nearly always far too long for the home screen.) Irene Worth, a "natural" on television as one might have guessed, played the heroine here with a graceful wide-eyed charm.

Pain made an absorbing documentary in the *Matters of Medicine* series; the patient's "pain threshold" (the moment when he first begins to feel pain) was demonstrated as subject to an extraordinarily wide variation according to the degree of control exercised by his mind. Mr. Alfred Wurmser seized his chance there and devised a magnificent animated diagram showing fierce rays emerging from the brain beating back the onrush of painful sensation; while, throughout, brave volunteers let themselves be shocked, anæsthetised and even hypnotised to explain the points made in this instructive programme. But all this experimental pain was as nothing beside the torment of *The Pattern of Marriage*. The first instalment of what promises to be a most harrowing new series (by Caryl Doncaster and Ted Willis) dealt almost exclusively with an engaged couple's search for a flat. In the end they decided to take the spare room at Mother's after all. Despite its artificial and remorseless piling on of the agony, here was an ambitious and not wholly unsuccessful attempt to make scripted, acted television reflect a pressing contemporary situation and pursue its various implications for some typical people. Such a programme represents a new stir of life in Lime Grove.

Among other stimulating programmes, Antony Tudor's ballet *Jardin aux Lilas* with its concentrated choreographic depiction of the emotions came through particularly well on the screen. (This together with an appearance by Madame Marie Rambert concluded the present series of Miss Felicity Gray's remarkable ballet programmes, all of which have been excellently produced by Philip Bate). Then, turning to topical questions, there was a forty minute expert investigation of the key-problem of *Formosa*; heavily biased in its drift and interpretation by Mr. Chester Wilmot, this included memorable contributions from Mr. Krishna Menon and Sir Frederick Whyte; on a different level, Mr. Henry Sherek gave a finely impervious performance in his *Press Conference*. While *Animal, Mineral* and the less entertaining *Down You Go* have both now settled into a successful pattern, *What's My Line?* in the past few weeks has begun to fall to pieces and should if possible soon be taken off.

ANTHONY CURTIS

Giselle, at Covent Garden

Psalmus Tenebrae, at the Mercury

Alicia Markova's return as guest artist to the Sadler's Wells company gave a degree of pleasure not entirely anticipated; for time tells quickly on a dancer's stamina and technique, and I was afraid of discovering that the memory of her genius was either a figment of imagination or a crumbled ruin. But even now her performance as Giselle is far more moving than that of any other ballerina in this country. Her acting combined with her exquisite airy lightness are unique, even though the strength of her footwork and back are diminished. One had forgotten that such unearthly movement was possible beyond the Victorian prints of white winged ballerinas poised on petals or in flight through the sky. By comparison, Miss Markova makes the girls on the stage with her look like nothing more than amiable but earthy athletes.

Jack Carter's new ballet *Psalmus Tenebrae*, for Ballet Workshop, is an uncomfortable affair. Three pretty young men in earrings sit down by the waters of Babylon and weep. They jerk and wriggle about until a robust young woman turns up. She does not seem to be very effective from their point of view and so, tactfully, dies; whereon the three young men sit down by the waters and go on with what they were doing before. This ballet fails chiefly because the three young men are obviously meant to be very significant—they make an infinite number of significant gestures; but these I was unable to interpret at all exactly or at all seriously, although everything, from the lighting to the earrings, was manifestly significant and serious in more senses than one. A. F.

Wolf's Italian Song-Book, at the Festival Hall

It is an astounding revolution of taste that has enabled two singers, even so popular as Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, to fill the huge Festival Hall with a recital of Wolf's 46 Italian miniatures. Yet so it was; and Mr. Ernest Newman, who has done more than any other man to bring about this state of affairs, was there to enjoy the occasion. Or rather, not to enjoy it very much, as honesty has compelled him to admit; and it is true that the discrepancy of scale between music and auditorium made itself uncomfortably felt. Compensations, however, were many. Mme Schwarzkopf, though not in her best voice and producing some queer vowel sounds (for example, on the opening word of *Auch kleine Dinge*), revealed a delicious vein of humour in such songs as *Du denkst mit einem Fädchen mich zu fangen*. Hers were largely the teasing songs, while to Herr Fischer-Dieskau fell those of warm and poetic feeling. He held his audience spellbound with *Nun lass uns Frieden schliessen, Heb' auf dein blondes Haupt* and many another tender lyric. Hermann Reutter was a brilliant accompanist. His feeble violinist in the postlude to *Wie lange schon war immer mein Verlangen* will long be remembered; after the interval he became at moments a little careless, and by failing to articulate all four demisemiquavers in *O wär' dein Haus durchsichtig wie ein Glas* reduced the transparency to that of celluloid. But neither small failings nor the size of the hall could prevent this from being one of the best concerts of the season. D. S.-T.

Correspondence

BANNED BODIES

SIR,—The decision of the National Executive of the Labour Party to proscribe eighteen more bodies is a peculiarly inept extension of an ill-considered policy.

Mr. Day Lewis and Mrs. Mitchison have written of the folly of banning the Authors World Peace Appeal. The inclusion in the proscribed list of the International Union of Students is even more foolish. One wonders how carefully the members of the National Executive have investigated the organisations which they have so light-heartedly condemned. Are they aware that the International Union, whose Stalinist line I should not dispute, is the *only* international body representing student organisations throughout the world? When the Western trade unions broke away from the W.F.T.U., they immediately set up an alternative body to draw together all the non-Communist trade unionists of the world. No such body has been set up by the non-Communist students, nor is it at all likely that any attempt will be made to establish one. If British students boycott the I.U.S., they will sever all connections with students in other countries.

The National Executive is perhaps aware that the National Union of Students has been negotiating since last autumn to resume fraternal membership of the I.U.S. This policy has been reaffirmed at the last two N.U.S. Council Meetings. If the National Executive persists in its proscription of the I.U.S., this will soon mean that no British student can be a member of the Labour Party. This is hardly a "con-

summation devoutly to be wished" by the National Executive or by anyone else who has the welfare of the Party at heart.

R. L. LEONARD

Borough Road College,
Isleworth, Middlesex.

SIR,—The Labour Party, judging from its latest list of proscribed organisations, wishes to prevent its members joining not only societies that are controlled by Communists, but any society in which there are active Communist members. The Britain-China Friendship Association has for its president a member of the Labour Party, and has four Labour M.P.s among its vice-presidents. Naturally, it has also many Communist members, since Communists believe in working for friendship with China. Is such a belief incompatible with membership of the Labour Party? Or have its leaders so little faith in the maturity of members that they think any association by them with Communists must be followed by their seduction?

This ban on the B.-C.F.A. and other non-Communist peace societies is a further move in the attempt to stifle minority opinion in the Party. It has, I believe, been imposed against the wishes of a majority of its active members. The argument that one should stay in the Party, meekly accepting its impositions while attempting to have them removed, loses its force if rank-and-file opinion is ignored in this way. This argument will no doubt appeal to members who have an assured place in the Party, but those of us others who belong to newly proscribed organisations should resign from it rather than abandon our position. The time and energy we save can be used in helping to build a united peace movement. Only thus can we nail the lie that people who work for peace and friendship with Communist countries must be Communist.

S. W. GREEN

108 Tenison Road,
Cambridge.

THE KIKUYU

SIR,—May a resident in Kikuyuland comment on Mr. Kingsley Martin's review of three books on Kenya in your issue of February 21st? He says that the Kikuyu "are likely in the not very long run to prove . . . as brave and upstanding as any other people, Black or White." There are at this moment a number of Kikuyu who are proving themselves a great deal braver than most of us White people. The Christians living in the Reserve who continue to go to church, knowing that others of their faith have been slashed to death with pangas or burnt alive in their huts, having no protection and knowing that the same things may happen to them, put us to shame by their courage. One Joseph, son of Kibunja, at a meeting of over two hundred Mau Mau adherents, refused to take the Mau Mau oath and was murdered for it; which of us, alone among two hundred enemies, would have the courage to say No?

But yet people in Nairobi go on repeating to each other, and to newcomers to Kenya, the same old stories about the cowardice of the Kukes. I am sure Mr. Kingsley Martin is right to attack contempt of the African by the European as the worst of evils; stupid White people carry their contempt for the African so far as to expect him to despise himself for being what he is. The Kikuyu does not despise himself; he is proud of being a Kikuyu just as much as the Masai is proud of being a Masai; we accept it from the Masai, that great tall magnificent savage, and we must learn to accept it from the little ugly Kikuyu in his shabby European clothes.

Nairobi, Kenya. "NYONI"

LABOUR IN THE U.S.

SIR,—John Cates' "Politics of American Business" was like a breath of fresh air for us few Americans who have long felt that the nature of the American "Welfare State" has been misunderstood by Europeans.

On the basis of purely empirical study it is difficult for objective students to attribute American full employment of the past decade to any other factor than that of the perpetual war economy that has been maintained during that time. Certainly the "recession" of five million unemployed in the levelling-off period of 1949 and 1950 indicated that Americans had not found the answer to insecurity within the framework of New Deal capitalism. Trade union economists notwithstanding, it seems as if too many Americans have associated transitory acceleration under the stimulus of war spending with basic structural change.

The negative unifying factor of an aggressive world Communism has not been the only point, however, that has created an alliance between much of American labour and business. Labour in America is almost wholly without a perspective as to what it strives for, beyond immediate bread-and-butter issues, and has in a sense made a creed out of the desire to avoid "entangling doctrine." Lacking criteria of its own, it has to a large extent unconsciously adopted those of business. The results are manifested in an American labour movement with only a fraction of the influence its numbers warrant. The whole situation is remarkably analagous to the 1850-1880 period of British Labour.

GABY KOLKO

849 Winton Ave.,
Akron 20, Ohio, U.S.A.

THE DOLLAR CURTAIN

SIR,—Critic is wrong in saying that Mr. Silverman is the first M.P. not a Communist who has been excluded from the United States. I was a Labour M.P. and had not yet even had my endorsement as a candidate withdrawn by Transport House when in April, 1949, I was refused a visa.

What happened was that a friend in the U.S. Embassy, to whom I said that I had been invited by Henry Wallace to speak with him on a peace platform, told me I would not be granted a visa. I informed Mr. Wallace, who raised the matter with the State Department, the Department of Justice and even a Congressional Committee. The answer was the same as that in the case of Mr. Silverman.

This was before the McCarran Act, which automatically excludes anyone who has been associated with any organisation or spoken at any meeting in which Communists took part.

K. ZILLIACUS

39 Clifton Gardens, London, W.9.

RETURN TO REALISM

SIR,—May I reply, as briefly as I possibly can, to your three correspondents?

First, Mr. John Berger. Mr. Berger has made so much lately of a "return to realism"—which, I suggested, was a fiction in his mind since I, at any rate, could find no evidence of such a return in exhibited paintings, here or in Paris—that it is something of a relief to find him emphasising so strongly, in his letter, that this new movement is only "emerging." He speaks now of the "*emerging*" realist movement in European, or Mexican, painting" (my italics). And "as yet the realist movement in this country is one of great potentiality rather than achievement." Yet he devotes more energy to this barely visible phenomenon than to any other, in all the wealth of contemporary art that is not merely potential but *actual*. Thus his art criticism is often diluted by an element which, if it is not just prophecy, must be regarded as advocacy or propaganda for an artistic development which he hopes to assist into being. But this, surely, is to reverse the role of criticism? Movements in art—which are *only* movements in art, and not movements outside art which seek to make use of art—invariably precede the critical attentions which ultimately "explain" and categorise them in the language of criticism. In other words, it is painters, not critics, who initiate the genuine new movements in painting. They are lucky if the critics can catch up with the meaning of what they are painting inside a decade. Yet this "new realism" of Mr. Berger's is eloquently heralded before it has raised its head.

Mr. Berger will deny this. His realist movement exists, he will say, even if it is only an emergent one as yet. And as evidence he will list painters as utterly remote from one another as Léger, Guttuso, and any number of English art students, together with some Associates of the Royal Academy. Now, the cubism of Léger; the chunky, wooden, "cubistic" expressionism of Guttuso; the neo-Sickertian exercises of A.R.A.s and the perfectly normal-and-to-be-expected *attempts* at realism of some gifted art students—these were all there, well known in their separate fields, long before Mr. Berger's attempt to synthetise them

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into a new movement. All that is new about any of them is Mr. Berger and his theory. The only thing that "unites" them is their respective possible usefulness in illustrating an idea which has deeper roots in familiar political and social theory than in art (or in a deep concern for art).

Mr. Berger thinks that what matters most in art is "the nature of the conclusions drawn about the subject." Realist paintings are paintings which have "clearly been painted with a real desire to communicate with a specific but wide public; they are not introspective, etc., etc." (*N.S. & N.*, July 5, 1952). Thus "realism depends upon an attitude of mind . . . *not* upon a style of drawing." For Mr. Berger art is thus a fully conscious, indeed a calculating, activity whereby, having selected your victims ("specific public"), you think up a way of ramming a specific message into their thick heads. Art becomes a clumsy handmaid . . . of whatever it is that must be "communicated." In the end, art and propaganda are one, if you follow this road.

For me art is none of these things. I am glad if my paintings "get across"; but just what they communicate, and to whom, is not my business. The effort to create art is entirely absorbing; it leaves no spare consciousness over, for keeping an eye on an audience. "To hell with any audience" is the only attitude for a painter at work. Art is autonomous. In any case, the idea behind much of Mr. Berger's theory, *i.e.*, that the public at large is today estranged from art, is in part false and in part irrelevant. If Mr. Berger desires the total population to feel involved (I think that's the word) in the work of its artists—that is a wild ambition. The majority have *never* been particularly conscious of painting, contemporary or otherwise. But if we agree to limit the scope of the term, then "the public" which today appreciates the best painting of the moment is probably larger, in relation to the total population, than at any time since the Italian Renaissance. Picasso has an immense, genuine audience.

Incidentally, the veteran political expressionists (as I think we may call them) of modern Mexico might not welcome Mr. Berger's reference to their movement as one that is "emerging." They have been going full blast for nearly thirty years, which is time enough for us to assess their brand of "realism" as a rather crude, proselytising poster art, on the whole. Realism—Vermeer, Chardin, Coldstream, to choose at random—is another thing.

Mr. John Eyles cannot understand why I do not advocate realism myself, since I admire Turner, and Turner, for him, means "mature and accurate studies of the nature of appearance." If he will re-read my recent article on Turner he will find that I have stated all this myself before going on to describe what Turner did *after* he had come to terms with the visual data of appearances. I am glad that Mr. Richard Henderson should have drawn readers' attention to Turner's figure compositions, since, as he gently complains, I had failed to do so. My reason was simply that "a reassessment of Turner" in 850 words had to leave out a very great deal: if I omitted the figure paintings it was because they are, to me, the least typical or successful of Turner's various ventures.

PATRICK HERON

SIR,—Mr. Patrick Heron has proceeded, with the maximum amount of speed, to justify his attack both on realism and on Mr. John Berger. From his article on Mexican Art of March 14 one can clearly see that realism is hardly his strong point. Realism in painting cannot be separated from realism in thinking, terminology, *and* criticism.

In the space of over two columns we are given a heavy dose of "spiritual" and "æsthetic," an invitation to consider the "crank shaft rhythm" of Aztec sculpture (a statement as pregnant with meaning as to say that the Portail Royal of Chartres follows the conception and design of a Coventry Climax) and nine lines on contemporary painters (with a complaint that "far too many living painters are represented")—this, from a critic writing in Western Europe in 1953. Not a word on the fact that Mexican art, over the last fifty years, is perhaps the only example of a sustained school, national school. Not a word (with the exception of one line on Posada) on the whole graphic section, the work of the T.G.P. (Workshop for popular Graphic Art), not a word on the qualities of the drawing, and, through the whole article, not a word on the social background of the art itself. Tamayo is a good painter because he follows Paris—a final summary of the work of a national school, one of the only ones of its kind, which attempts to break through the barriers of æsthetics and attempts to communicate ideas—to Mr. Heron, "crude political terms."

The reasons for this attitude are simple. When a society reduces the appreciation and judgment of art to the point where everything becomes an *objet d'art*—when a sculpture originally conceived according to an iconography (not a crank shaft) carved and conceived for certain specific reasons (not intended to be seen in "down filtering jungle light") is treated in the same way as a bead necklace, and both judged as "forms"—the whole of criticism is dead. Personal terminology, the communication of sensibility rather than ideas, personal reactions rather than objective description, these transform criticism into belles lettres (with a query concerning the first word). The complete lack of a coherent terminology—the word "form" used in a dozen different ways according to the author or the critic.

Orozco and Sequeiros may sometimes fail in their attempt at communication but they do communicate *something*, even when they fail. I am unaware that the same could be said for any other work seen in this country within the last few years (a glance at the murals of Orozco at the New School in New York or at Dartmouth might make Mr. Heron reconsider his statement about the "destruction of the picture surface"). Perhaps the drawings and engravings of Zalce, Aguirre and Caletec really mean and meant something to the people for whom they were intended—a strange idea for most contemporary writers.

Beaudelaire once wrote that "Individuality, that small holding, has eaten the collective originality. . . . The painter has killed painting." It has also killed most criticism. The Mexican exhibition reaffirms, with astonishing vitality, a faith and vision in another road for art.

PETER DE FRANCIA

ON DOCTORS

SIR,—Whilst I am grateful for Dr. Joad's solicitude for my moral and economic welfare, I would appreciate serious consideration of the present condition of medical practice.

Medicine intellectually is still a depressed area. In my university the entrance requirements of the medical faculty, although higher than those statutorily required because of the great demand for places, are lower than for any Honours school in science. Some years ago the I.Q. of students of all faculties was investigated, and the average found for the medical students was next to the lowest in the various schools. This could easily be remedied by judicious propaganda in schools, many of which do not encourage entry into medicine, and by greater help with grants to medical students. As a result of this lower standard, few graduates in medicine are interested in or qualified for research, which is correspondingly limited. The science faculties spend on research far more than the medical faculty.

The distribution of medical practitioners is interesting and deserves investigation. Of 64,000 registered practitioners in Great Britain and Northern Ireland, only 20,000 (roughly) are in general practice; the rest are hospital staff, consultants in medicine and surgery, radiologists, etc. All of those people are chronically overworked. Despite this, those anxious to enter general practice have great difficulty in finding places, either as assistants or principals. In the face of this, the responsible authorities have reduced the number of medical students from its post-war maximum, on the pretext that there are not enough jobs to go round!

The Socialist alternative is to increase the number of students, doctors and practices and to build health centres. The consequent reduction in hours worked and patients seen would enable doctors to indulge in the luxury of educating their patients and so reduce the difficulties anxiously raised by Dr. Joad.

A sense of vocation is as necessary in the medical as in any other profession. It is, as Dr. Joad shows but (amazingly) does not comment upon, not compatible with the attitude of some members of the profession who regard the money and years spent at the medical school as an investment which must show ample return.

M. D.

Books in General

TAINE started publishing just over a century ago, thus in a way fixing up the Big Top of the circus of modern literary criticism, and it is rather startling to be reminded that the thing has been going on in full swing ever since. Both the Germans and the English, of course, had been already coming out with surprising opinions since the final quarter of the eighteenth century, but Taine felt he was equipped to domesticate both of them under the big top of the historical approach. Marx, Darwin, Frazer and Freud had still to bound into the ring, each of them giving yet more startling reasons for believing that the critic ought to know far more about what an author means than the author did, but there was always room for them under the historical approach. It does seem hard to envisage this process as going on for ever; no wonder a number of recent critics, especially in America, have felt that you need to codify literary criticism and tidy it all up.

I feel Mr. Kahn is capable of giving a more interesting book than he has done*; what he gives (and the title ought to say so) is a conspectus of the statements by Taine about his methods of criticism and his literary views, beginning with his student notebooks and letters, and also of the statements made about him by everybody else. He points out where Taine's views are out of date, but insists at the end of most of the chapters, convincingly I think, that the breadth of mind with which Taine approached a question of principle was masterly and is still needed. It is clearly a valuable as well as an immensely detailed reference book, but I wish he had taken a specific case where opinions differ and shown (if it is true) that all these different theories would actually produce different responses to it.

Sir Herbert Read also carries a great sense of history†, but regards himself, very rightly, as an active part of the movement he supports. It is "the" Romantic position, mainly dated back to a speech by Schelling of which he provides a translation in an appendix. One must respect his firmness, and can hardly deny his main belief, which, as I understand, would have been accepted by Taine: that the artist should "create" his own forms, not merely work within traditional forms, that by expressing himself he should express the developing society of which he is part, that to do this he needs to insist on being "sincere," and that this rather complex truth about the artist and society was first discovered by the Romantics. He feels we need to grasp it firmly so as to go forward and do better, whereas Mr. Kahn, writing from Jerusalem University, says in his Preface that we need to decide, after studying history, which bits of the past of Europe we can hope to hand down at all—"survival itself is involved." The sturdy anarchism of Sir Herbert, though heart-warming, does come to seem something like playful.

I keep suspecting I find a twist in his arguments, though I am sure they don't come from any unconscious bad desire in himself, only from, so to speak, jollying along his theory. He is concerned to praise what is popular (low-class) or native (Beowulf and all that) or spontaneous (children's paintings), and to heighten his praise of such art-works he tends to make them out more savage or mindless than they are. I seemed to get a whiff of the same thing among intellectuals in China at times, when they were praising the recent revival of peasant arts; clearly, if you say "this coarse stuff is good because the people like it," you are in no position to develop it; the point was rather that surprisingly good traditions had been kept just alive under difficulties, but needed refurbishing. Sir Herbert thinks of a civilised man as like a crab, and he thinks of a crab as like a tin of jam, which only needs the lid taking off; but both ideas are wrong, as the Romantic theory itself would tell him, indeed as he himself shows when he formulates it. It is too much for Sir Herbert to say laughingly that the meaning of a poem doesn't matter (page 62) and it is actually surprising when one has to deduce from this that he meant to praise Ezra Pound (page 134) by saying that the meaning of the Cantos doesn't matter; a view which Pound, to do him justice, would not hold.

This comes out in all his discussions of metre, where he is in each case concerned to argue not that there is an "unconscious" rule, arrived at by taste, but that there is none; thus he actually praises Coleridge for being "free" or even "sincere" in the peculiar sense that he told a quite unnecessary lie in his preface advising the reader how to take the metre of *Christabel* (page 27). But I think Coleridge meant something true, and worth looking for. He said he had written four stresses to each line; when he appears to give less the reader need only treat dramatically a line which would otherwise appear flat; the question is what to do when he gives more. I think he treats two stressed words together as a single stress in English, and I think a recording machine would actually show them as a continuous peak on the graph (the idea that consonants don't make a noise is, of course, only an odd delusion). Also I think many English poets do this, so that Coleridge had made a useful discovery, though as so often he didn't get it said clearly enough. But anyway, even if this is wrong, I don't think a Romantic need object to it for not being free.

What really happens, in the detail of Sir Herbert's criticism, is that he issues severe laws which any poet must obey if he is to be let go as sincerely free, and then he interprets them as a policeman actually would, trying to carry out the letter of these laws as his duty without seeing any point in them at all. For instance he decides it is eighteenth-century Poetic Diction to say "O," so any poet who does it must have sold himself to officialdom; and then poor Walt Whitman is given an awful bullying for saying "O," whereas I should bet (if you want popular speech from a poet) that Whitman was hearing people around him say "O" all the time. The same worry goes on about "inversion" of grammar, as in popular proverbs.

The reason why he wants Coleridge to have believed in the Collective Unconsciousness theory of Jung, I think, is that this highly mystical and refined theory, as often happens, sets you free to act on your primitive Jam Theory. How a tradition gets remembered (perhaps by a ruling-class child hearing things from the slaves) is often an interesting sociological question; whether we have actual inborn quirks of thought, vastly older presumably, might be examined; but to say we have all human experience inside us, simply as the jam in our tin, allows us no technique to examine any such question.

Imagism, which is seriously supported by Sir Herbert, seems to me merely a logical deduction from the Jam theory, and therefore wrong. The recent electrical calculating machines, though they needn't be called "brains," ought to be considered here, because they really are like the human brain, whereas all previous machines have been like other parts of the human body; and they at least give you an impression of what immense equipment we must have even to do what we think elementary. And they don't use "images" at all; the whole idea of Imagism is a mistake made by philosophers in the seventeenth century. Sir Herbert quotes T. E. Hulme with approval for saying—

> Thought is prior to language and consists in the simultaneous presentment to the mind of two images. Language is only a more or less feeble way of doing this.

It is a great misfortune that T. E. Hulme was killed before he learned better, but Sir Herbert can learn better. A dog couldn't find its way home across a field if it had nothing in its head, at a moment of choice, except a "simultaneous presentment of two images." This condition often actually does come to men lost in the desert, and they know themselves that they must either break out of it or perish.

It is also curious to me that the remarks of I. A. Richards in *The Philosophy of Rhetoric* never get even a perfunctory reply from Imagists. Here is Sir Herbert discussing Coventry Patmore, a poem about "How full of bonds and simpleness Is God," and then:

> And all His art
> Is as the babe's that wins his Mother to repeat
> Her little song so sweet!

Sir Herbert comments: "What images there are in such a passage are banal to the point of sentimentality; and what we have, apart from such images, is merely a sinuous thread of abstractions." Now a baby gurgling and therefore getting something it likes done again (not *one* Image but a sequence) is probably the root of all human thought; I cannot use the language of fashion which is so natural to Sir Herbert; I am merely glad it happens often. But if he means by Image the *whole comparison* of the baby in this sequence to God in his relation to his creatures (and this was the logical point that Richards made), then obviously it is not Banal but too startling; I can't imagine a tribe which acted on this belief and still kept going at all well. I agree with Sir Herbert's taste here, but I find his way of discussing the point extremely "classical" in just the sense of that term that his theory disapproves. Also, of course, it is rather ludicrous that he has to blame Michael Roberts for a "confusing use of the word romanticism" (page 113) when Roberts recognises that Hulme considered himself passion-

* *Science and Aesthetic Judgment*. By S. J. KAHN. *Routledge*. 25s.

† *The True Voice of Feeling*. By HERBERT READ. *Faber*. 25s.

ately anti-romantic, whereas Sir Herbert wants to use him as a pillar of Romanticism.

I have felt rather startled, comparing these two books, to realise how much is still going firmly on in the different booths under the Big Top, so confident, so able and busy, so determinedly out of contact with each other. It does look as if somebody might co-ordinate them a bit more.

WILLIAM EMPSON

IN PRINCIPLE

His love is like the rational theology
Which Dante ordered from an age's yearning
Around the towering flame, a whole heart burning
To forge that clarity's cold, golden key.

In a girl he always used to think enough
A vague good-natured hedonism. Now
The ancient virtues flame behind her brow;
Integrity, a dazzling light on love.

Then let his life take from these mountains clearly
A partial image, not his whole love's scope
But lucid centre to the passion's glare.

Between the frozen cliffs and fog-bound valley
Finding an alp on whose cropped grassy slope
The clear stream sings, the pine-scent cleans the air.

ROBERT CONQUEST

CALENDAR STANZAS FOR FEBRUARY, 1953

Let loose the splendours of the dead.
That howling skull and chattering bone
Ride flouncing through a living room
And turn my heart to a stone.

O sweet lamp floating in a wood
Where it is morning dark
Sing out, affirm the same truth as
A rainbow and an ark.

What is that image in the sky
Which, once having seen,
The intellect of man turns away
And longs for what has been?

No peace shall ever to the false
And forking vanity bring rest,
But foul the liar in the glass
Shall every breathing nest.

And it may be as long a day
As any night ever was
When seeking for himself he finds
The liar in the glass.

Only the orthodox and huge dead
To pluck up by the hair
The falling moral man can show
Angels ascending there.

O sepulchres, O pinnacles
Of holy tongue, of bitter tooth
Teach the white liar that his glass
Breaks in the heart of Truth.

There is no shorter deeper cut
Than when with Geiger eyes
The wingless man, to dare the grave,
Dives up into the skies.

For we are married to a Queen
Who will not let us cease
Until, locked close in her cold arms,
That wilderness is peace.

The ocean, risen over the rocks,
Has dispossessed the world,
But still the Seven sorrows rock
A cradle and a child.

GEORGE BARKER

THE RECOVERED PAST

A Forgotten Kingdom. By SIR LEONARD WOOLLEY. *Penguin Books.* 2*s.* 6*d.*
The Hittites. By O. R. GURNEY. *Penguin Books.* 3*s.* 6*d.*
Babylonian and Assyrian Religion. By S. H. HOOKE. *Hutchinson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Here are three ways into the recently recovered past. You can stand over Sir Leonard Woolley as he digs fragments of pottery out of the mud and reconstructs temples and palaces from the dim remains of unbaked brick walls; or review a whole segment of discovery, and all the disputes that have arisen about it, with Dr. Gurney; or try to look at the universe through Babylonian eyes with Professor Hooke. The most infectious of the three books is Sir Leonard's, because it is coloured throughout by the personal excitement of digging down through seventeen "Levels" from the early thirteenth century B.C. through the residue of 2,000 further years at Alalakh, a long abandoned site where the river Orontes turns westward towards the Mediterranean in that part of Northern Syria which became Turkish in 1938. That the book should maintain this atmosphere is a remarkable feat of writing, since to facilitate our understanding of Alalakh's history, Sir Leonard has started with what he found last and worked backwards to the surface as if he was playing a film in reverse.

Alalakh was one of those small states, which came within the conflicting and enriching influences of the ancient civilisations of Mesopotamia and Egypt and of the young imperialism of Hittite Anatolia. They were centres of intelligent invention and exchange. The palaces of Northern Syria seem to have provided the models for that of Cnossos. It was on the neighbouring coastline that in the last century of Alalakh's existence the democratisation of literacy was made possible by the invention of the first alphabetic script. It is an exciting part of the world and Sir Leonard is not only a most learned but an imaginative guide with, to my mind, one strange limitation. Quickened by almost any object, his mind seems quite unstimulated by language. He quotes, of course, the results of those who have read the tablets he has found, but he does not trouble to tell us in what language they were written; it was, in fact, Babylonian which is surely worth mentioning since it was a foreign language for Alalakh.

Still more oddly, he bases a theory of the origin of the Hittites entirely on the distribution of the type of pottery called Khirbet Kerak first found at a site in Palestine, but now apparently known to have originated in Neolithic times in Soviet Trans-Caucasia (Sir Leonard is vague as to where). Sir Leonard found examples at a level dating, he believes, from about 3,400 B.C. near Alalakh. A "single example," he tells us, has also been found in each of the "royal" tombs at Alajahüyük in Cappadocia, dated about 2,000 B.C. These "single examples" appear to be the only ones associated with the Hittites. Sir Leonard concludes that the makers of the pottery were the ancestors of the Hittites who came due South from Caucasia, turned West to the Orontes and were thence driven further, towards the end of the third millennium B.C., some going South, but most going North. The peculiarity of this theory is that it does not take into account the Hittites' language, which belongs to the Indo-European family. Where they could have picked it up on the suggested itinerary he does not explain.

Dr. Gurney's book is an admirably lucid and readable survey of how, during the last seventy years or so, the light of history on the third millennium B.C. has spread from Egypt and the Fertile Crescent right up into central Anatolia just stopping at the point where the recovered documents seem to refer most tantalisingly to the Achaeans. Most of us will not burden our memories for long with much Hittite history, but the Hittites have a strong claim on our interest, first, because they seem to have been relatively humane—as compared, say, with the Assyrians—and secondly because their language is the earliest datable Indo-European tongue. (The earliest examples of Sanskrit were transmitted orally and are therefore very difficult to date within several hundred years.) My one grievance about Dr. Gurney's book, probably due to personal predilections, is that he only devotes five pages (admirable pages) to the Hittite language. He does not, for instance, tell us the apparently mad interpretation of three words by which the late Bredrich Hrozny opened the door into this lost world of speech, nor does he mention the curious fact that the medio-passive forms of the Hittite verb ending in *r* (like Latin *amatur*, "he is loved") have affected the whole view of the relation between the Italic and the Celtic languages. But perhaps all this fascinating realm of discovery will some day be unfolded to us in a Pelican book about the early history of Indo-European languages in so far as it has been unravelled.

Professor Hooke's subject is the hardest of the three. A religion is a man's attempt to give coherence to his whole experience. It is necessarily a system or a conflict of systems, but a dead religion is known to us fragmentarily and fortuitously. Its successive phases are blurred. Its keynotes are missing. The religion of ancient Babylonia is the harder to describe because it has its roots in the old Sumerian culture and then sprouts through that of the Semitic conquerors of somewhere about 2,500 B.C. Professor Hooke seems to despair of deciding what elements belonged to which people. The documents are scattered over two and a half millennia. The strength of the conservative and legalistic traditions has left us vast material which may be quite misleading as to popular sentiment. Professor Hooke shows us a mythology inspired by a woeful sense of mortality and a passionate feeling for animal and vegetable fertility, tales of gods in even more violent conflict than those of Greece and who become confusedly identified with one another, a mass of ritual to bind the gods and to give protection against demons, a most complicated system of divination. Occasionally documents strike moral themes which recur more coherently in the Old Testament and use forms which show that Babylonian and Hebrew writers shared a common literary tradition. Professor Hooke's final judgment is:

> The inherent contradiction between the conception of gods possessing a moral will and the elaborate system of ritual observances intended to induce the gods to do their moral duty was never resolved and Babylonian religion was finally overwhelmed under the weight of a crushing mass of unintelligible tradition.

But is it not possible that that view is partly due to the nature of our sources?

D. R. GILLIE

THE TIME MACHINISTS

Time and the Novel. By A. A. MENDILOW. *Peter Nevill.* 15*s.*

Dr. Mendilow follows two or three American critics in turning the kind of criticism which has been applied to the mechanisms of lyrical poetry, upon the novel. He has isolated, analysed and related the novelists' handling of time from Defoe to Gide, Proust and Virginia Woolf. He argues his way into the difference between clock time, novelists' time, readers' time, psychological time, time by association, and anyone who has written a novel will recognise that Dr. Mendilow has tabulated the basic conundrums. For example, at what point in time shall the novelist cut into his people's lives, what will be considered past and what present, how will he get back, how forward? These difficulties are crucial for the novelist: they are one thing in the reflective novel, another in the novel of action. Thanks to the experiments of the past the contemporary novelist has a large number of means to hand. He is not obliged to press forward chronologically from cradle to grave. He can flash back, he can loop back, he can shift—in the manner of Ford's and Conrad's time-shift—backwards and forwards. He can see the

FACTS BEHIND THE WITCH-HUNTS

Is the United States in the grip of anti-Communist hysteria?

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REBECCA WEST

great reporter, great commentator, whose knowledge of American politics is unsurpassed among British writers, tells a startling story in a series of articles written specially for THE SUNDAY TIMES. It ranges far beyond the trial of Alger Hiss. It points to there having existed in the American Civil Service an espionage ring which has achieved coup after coup for Communism. It puts upon the work of the much-criticised Un-American Activities Committee an appreciation unfamiliar to most people here. This, in short, is a document of world-wide importance.

The first instalment of Rebecca West's disturbing report appears in

THE SUNDAY TIMES

next Sunday

past immanent in the present, as was done by Virginia Woolf; he can refract like Gide in *Les Faux Monnayeurs*. He is dealing in words that are not true for they congeal "the fluid process of thought" and in a view of time which is arbitrary; Dr. Mendilow quotes from Henry James. The artist in words

> is in the perpetual predicament that the continuity of things is the whole matter, for him, of comedy and tragedy; that this continuity is never, by the space of an instant or an inch, broken and that, to do anything at all, he has at once intensely to consult and intensely to ignore it.

At first sight Dr. Mendilow's criticism, like so much that is scientific, seems merely to consist of truisms. It is in no way important, for example, that novelists' time and readers' time are vastly different—a novel describing the events of thirty years may be read in a couple of hours—because novelist and reader meet on the common ground of language and imagination. On the other hand, as Mr. Isaacs says in his introduction, Dr. Mendilow's research does bring out the great amount of thought and technical curiosity which was devoted to the new art of the novel when it was being founded in the 17th and 18th centuries; it forced its way forward intellectually. For the novelist, if not for the reader, technical experiment and innovation are the necessary obstacle. In a sense we owe Jane Austen's novels to her abandonment of the epistolary form in which *Sense and Sensibility* was first written.

It is a pity that Dr. Mendilow's book contains such a large number of quotations from commentators on the importance of time and nothing like as many from the novels which could illustrate his theme. He is not concerned with the philosophical aspect of his subject, which is more fruitful than the purely technical, for Conrad, James, Gide, Joyce, Proust, Virginia Woolf (the modern novelists under discussion) belong to a movement metaphysically and æsthetically dominated by new conceptions of time, history and memory. The attack on this movement made by Wyndham Lewis still has its validity. Incidentally, Dr. Mendilow calls these writers "the modern novelists," but the experiments of the brilliant Time school have now been absorbed into literature, and the fertile obsession is obviously declining. A Henry Green, a Graham Greene, may use dissolves or the time-shift, but Miss Compton-Burnett disposes of time altogether. Time is not their subject at all. Philip Toynbee's *Tea with Mrs. Goodman*, mentioned by Dr. Mendilow, is really the last experimental novel.

What delights this reviewer, however, is to see Dr. Mendilow's admiration of Laurence Sterne and the analysis of *Tristram Shandy*, for Sterne is the supreme time novelist, the arch-obsessionist whose genius anticipated all the experiments of the last forty years. He is one of the great conscious artists. Everything Dr. Mendilow has to say about him is good and brings out his seminal importance. (I only wish Dr. Mendilow had not called him "the laughing philosopher of the English novel.") Dr. Mendilow is the first critic I know of to catalogue the varieties of time in the English novel, but he is aware that time is not the most important object of the novelist. Yet one could say, as some critics have, that the chief criticism to be made of Virginia Woolf, Proust and Gide is that they have given time supreme importance; indeed that they subscribed to an æsthetic worship of time which runs parallel to the worship of inevitable history suggested by Marxism. Neither the theory of flux, nor the ebb and flow of the dialectic, seem any longer useful to contemporary novelists, who look for ground to stand on, not a boat to drift along in.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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PRIESTS OF THE HOME-MADE BOMB

The I.R.A. Coventry Explosion. Edited by LETITIA FAIRFIELD. *Hodge*. 15*s*.

Here is an extinct landscape without figures. The devastation of war-bombed Coventry could scarcely speak more lucidly of a social scene eclipsed, annihilated. The plainest records of devastation lie, perhaps, not in battlefields or towns, but in books; especially now in books whose subject obliges them to try to cut a tunnel back through the Great Divide of World War II. I had hoped, reading Dr. Fairfield's account of the I.R.A. in Coventry, to find myself living again in far-off 1939. It is not so. That ghost refuses to be disturbed.

There is even a strange feeling that the ghost never lived. The I.R.A. campaign against England lasted for fifteen months—January, 1939, to March, 1940. Several hundred bombs were let off. Seven people were killed, more than a hundred wounded; expensive damage was done. Yet *The Times* review of 1939 refuses to mention the affair. Misplaced contempt? Perhaps. But the refusal corresponds somehow with the negative and sterile sensations left by Dr. Fairfield's close-up picture of the I.R.A. at work.

Focussing on the Coventry bomb, Dr. Fairfield has chosen the biggest battle of the whole "miserable squabble" (as ex-Chief Inspector Fabian once happily called it). On market day, Friday, August 25, 1939, in crowded Broadgate, five people were killed by the exploding of a 5 lb. time-bomb, set for 2.30 p.m., left in a bicycle carrier. Twelve people were seriously, forty slightly, wounded. Two of the perpetrators of this ghastly crime were tracked down, tried—with three others afterwards acquitted—sentenced to death and hanged. Their trial in December, 1939, attracted, says Dr. Fairfield, "national interest." "England was still in the doldrums of the 'phoney war,' and no blitz had yet arrived to blunt the memory of the Coventry explosion." It is true, obviously, that the bigger bombs of later men have helped to flatten these home-made cook-ups into a freakish pastoral remoteness. But this is not enough to account for the dreariness, the absence of personality, pith and point, in the utterances and sentiments of these dedicated Irish guerillas.

Did men so dull do things so bad? In her full Introduction Dr. Fairfield stimulates an interest in the characters of James Richards and Peter Barnes, the two condemned, which the report of the trial fails wholly to sustain. Here, typical in its schizoid paucity, is the tale by Mrs. O'Hara, mother-in-law of the man with whom Richards lodged, of Richards's reaction to the news of the explosion:

> "I knocked at the door and he let me in with the baby and the pram, and I said, 'Jim Richards!' He walked on into the back sitting-room and I said, 'Jim Richards, there has been a terrible explosion in Broadgate, look at the paper.' He said, 'What?' I said 'There has been a terrible explosion in Broadgate,' and I showed him the paper. . . . He says to me, 'Oh!' I said, 'Yes, there has been a terrible explosion in Broadgate,' and I told him, 'My God, it is terrible.' He said 'That is the bomb we made in the front bedroom, and it went off on time.'"

Cumbrous, comprehensive, interesting, Dr. Fairfield's exploration of the background seems nowhere to touch the mystery of Irish revolutionary passion. The I.R.A. calculated, under its chief Sean Russell, first, that the "troubled European situation" would find Britain "in a state of jitters in face of the Nazi menace," and secondly, that Germany would effectively help. "Minds" (says Dr. Fairfield) "that could picture Eamonn de Valera as the feeble tool of the British Government naturally had no difficulty in visualising Hitler as the disinterested friend of small nationalities."

The tart comment is just, but also it offers a clue which Dr. Fairfield fails to follow up. The really dumbfounding thing about those I.R.A. calculations is their presumptuousness. Why were these men presumptuous—not just privately, remember, but to such an extent that they allowed themselves to harness the honest vision of a "completely separate Republic for an undivided Ireland" to the low-level reality of bombs in stations, pillar-boxes, telephone kiosks, and public lavatories? Because they were Irish? Partly, yes—but mainly, I am sure, because they were lazy.

Their plan of campaign, captured by the police, which Dr. Fairfield here publishes, is itself an incredibly lazy document, in a woolly Stationery Office style further weakened with many "*probablies*" and "*possiblies*." Propaganda, it affirms, is as "urgent and important" as action—yet the section on Propaganda is left blank. A lot is said about the need to keep English people's friendship, not to endanger life—fire brigades, for instance, are ruled out as targets "for humanitarian reasons"—yet bombs were allowed to coincide with crowds. That was an addled negligence which the I.R.A. mitigated only by applying it equally to themselves—leaving receipts (for clocks, suitcases, bicycles) and codes in unlocked drawers and pockets. The dead, indifferent words of the accused at Coventry, the absence of a becoming revolutionary sadness—are not these the petrifaction of laziness, laziness, moral and intellectual, of priests of the home-made bomb, to whom the writing of memoranda about blowing up telephones would always come more naturally, with the lustreless desperate discipline of illicit alcohol, than any laying of telephone lines across their own bogs?

I remember thinking in 1939, when often my own work as a reporter was a zig-zag scuttle after the I.R.A.'s surprise packets—"One day all this will have to be explained." Even then the broken glass of telephone boxes, the small holes in big bridges, the scattering of Piccadilly crowds, the queue of casualties on the steps of St. George's Hospital, the jaunty, beery deportees at Euston on the Irish Mail, the hoaxes, the strong measures of Sir Samuel Hoare and Mr. Pritt's indignation about them—even then these things seemed trackless, fragmentary, void. The explanatory track now suggested, not followed, by Dr. Fairfield, is, I think, a singularly terrible one. It would not be fair to blame her, bound by the conventions of a Notable British Trials series, for not having followed the ghostly shape of things past. Her

introduction scarcely mentions Easter Week, the 1919 war, the hackle-raising legacy of the Black and Tans. Yet the Proclamation, signed by Sean Russell and others, which she publishes, indicates clearly enough the point at which the clock of Irish revolutionary thinking stopped:

> Three years later (on January 21, 1919) the Republic proclaimed in Easter Week, 1916, was ratified and formally established by the elected representatives of all Ireland and a solemn declaration of independence sent out to the nations of the world.
>
> To combat that declaration and to prevent the proclamation of the Republic of Ireland from becoming effective, the Armed Forces of the English enemy made war upon the people of this country. They were met by the Irish Republican Army, and challenged and resisted so stubbornly that after two years of bloody warfare the English were forced to ask for a truce with a view to settlement by negotiation.

There, for an instant, shadowy, can we not glimpse the blank, lazy face of the God of Violence, exacting—from ourselves not less than from Irish firebrands—its dreary time-fused sacrifice and expiation, the front-bedroom, back-street campaign of 1939?

GILES ROMILLY

THE DIFFIDENT HERO

Francis Younghusband. By GEORGE SEAVER. *Murray*. 25*s*.

A few months before his death, at the age of nearly eighty years, Sir Francis Younghusband made a note of his "Defects and Deficiencies". It is a remarkable tribute to the deep humility, the extraordinary reserves of mental and spiritual growth that underlay the exterior of almost forbidding strength of conviction, almost chilling moral force, to find that the defects he names are exactly those which the reader of his biography has noted in order to guard against too complete capitulation, too entire worship of his virtues and achievements.

> I have been defective in the appreciation of art . . . yet another defect is the meagreness of my sense of compassion and of my feeling for the under-dog . . . I have never had any strong urge . . . to go slumming in the East End . . . Have lacked moral courage in home life especially.

In a few short sentences of restrained confession, couched in characteristically conventional terms like "under-dog", Younghusband disarms the critic of all his darts. One may still regret the failures in achievement that spring from these omissions; but it is difficult to imagine any other successful man of action of eighty casting a wistful eye at aesthetic appreciation, any other honoured proconsul, however idealistic, sensing the social narrowness of his career, any other distinguished man lifting for a moment the conventional curtain of successful marriage that hid a private failure of real companionship. At the heart of Francis Younghusband's pursuit of physical endurance, however, lay a fierce love of the beauty of natural scenery; beneath all his sense of leadership, his conviction of England's Imperialistic mission, was a deep compassion, a love of humanity which came straight from his own loneliness; however he held to reserve and conventional decorum in human relationships, he never doubted that true companionship lay in a realm where restraint ceased to have meaning.

The Samuel Smiles tradition, the long train of drearily smug little "lives of great men" that even thirty years ago still lay dusty and untouched on the shelves of prep school libraries, have made odious the moral exemplar use of biography. It is the most outstanding excellence of Mr. Seaver's excellent book that, for all his great admiration of his subject, he never sounds this Sunday School note. He uses Francis Younghusband's own words, and when he intervenes it is most usually to temper with criticism. Nevertheless, it would be modishly dishonest to conceal the sense of spiritual encouragement which, beyond its intrinsic excitement and interest, comes from the reading of this life, and paradoxically, perhaps, not the less because Younghusband never broke through the limitations of his class, nationality and time.

From his earliest years he accepted the highest ideals of his environment—a distinguished military family with strong Anglican convictions—literally and completely as obligations. For his family, churchgoing, good works, a bleak moral discipline, might be the blind alleys into which their religious convictions had led them; for him, Christ's teaching was a personal commandment. At Clifton the Arnoldian ideals of self-discipline and the Christian obligations of those trained for English leadership might have dwindled away into games-worship and Philistine self-satisfaction; for him they were immediate duties. For the other officers in his regiment in India, a worship of the sacred ritual of the parade ground might suffice to excuse a life of polo and cards; for him military life, even in the peace of the Eighties, must be under campaign conditions or be meaningless.

Inevitably to others he must have seemed a prig. Inevitably among them he was alone. He respected their qualities, indeed he often felt that, without this support of religious convictions, they nevertheless achieved an excellence in their code of "good fellowness" which for all his sense of personal mission, he could not achieve. Such loneliness, such pride and such moral certainty are a peculiarly dangerous combination. If he had allowed himself an inch of self-pity, his humanity might have changed to embittered hatred and contempt. He could then have become what we later learnt to know as the typical Fascist-minded officer. If he had let his loneliness hurt him too much, he could have compromised and used his undoubtedly superior intellect to win him power and place in the Regular Army. He would then have been the perfect professional military careerist. He did neither; he brought every pressure to bear to get Army and Government to back him in an adventurous journey through Manchuria and back across the Gobi desert to India. He was perfectly aware that such determination to stand outside the ordinary life of his brother officers—on whom, incidentally, it threw extra duties—would increase his unpopularity. Yet here, as throughout the rest of his life, he never went back from his self-appointed journey for fear or favour of the crowd.

Upon the knowledge he gained in this trek through Central Asia in 1887 and the later exploration of the Himalayan passes in 1890, he founded his claims to lead the Tibetan Mission of 1904. He believed, of course, in the extension of British protection to the tribes under the feeble, nominal suzerainty of China; he was deeply convinced that if England did not force her civilizing guardianship upon the corrupt rulers of Lhasa then Russia would extend her tyranny over them. Yet certain though he was of the British civilizing mission, and of his own leadership in it, the real meaning of his explorations was a more personal one. Through physical endurance, he won mastery of himself. In solitude, he felt able to allow himself the full worship of natural beauty. In solitude, too, he confessed his proud shyness of men and learnt a love of humanity. After his return to England in 1910 the rest of his long life had a twofold purpose—to help other men to dare the unknown for its own sake, and to share the experience with men of all faiths. The first found fruit in the Everest Expeditions of the Twenties; the second in the Congress of World Faiths.

The content of his religious philosophy was not original, partaking somewhat muzzily of the Bergsonian vitalism of the time. The science upon which it is founded is mediocre, though he read widely to equip himself in every field. Nevertheless it is refreshing in these days of religious guilt, to find someone whose genuine and deeply spiritual experience of life was never troubled by sin, who found in religion only a matter for joy. He was, it must be confessed, naive, but it was a naiveté very near to the simplicity of God's fools.

ANGUS WILSON

JUST PUBLISHED

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CASSELL

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The Groves of Academe. By MARY MCCARTHY. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Prince of Wales's Feathers. By DAVID MATHEW. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Good-for-Nothing. By JAMES YAFFE. *Constable.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The author of *The Groves of Academe* bears the same name as the lively political thinker who helped to supply its theme; and it would be hard to say which is the more formidable of the pair. The female McCarthy is wise, humane and witty, of a luminous intelligence and a profound, ironic understanding; but she further distinguishes herself from the male by a deadly veracity, and one that few of us would care to see applied to ourselves.

The victimisation of free-thinking scholars in American university life, as an object for satire, offers itself on a plate. It is perhaps for this reason that Mary McCarthy leaves it alone. Henry Mulcahy, her victim, is simply a paranoiac Irishman with a still keener perception of what is due to him, a yet blunter sense of the position of others, than is common among the species. Jocelyn College took him on out of mercy, since he has a wife and four children and had quarrelled himself out of his previous posts; and the uncertain nature of his appointment was made perfectly clear. Once installed, he behaves in a way to invite, almost indeed to clamour for, the sack; and when it finally comes he is outraged.

Here Miss McCarthy's lovely wicked wit comes into play. Mulcahy is bowled over by the President's baseness, but there is a shot or two in his own locker. With a maniac's cunning he takes Domna Rejnev, the youngest of the professors, aside and gravely reveals to her that he is, and has been for ten years, a member of the Communist Party. Domna is "a smouldering anachronism, a throwback to one of those ardent young women of the Sixties, Turgenev's heroines, who cut their curls short, studied Hegel . . . and dreamed resolutely of a 'new day' for peasants, workers and technicians." And Jocelyn College is a high-spirited little outfit, "progressive" and pleased with itself. He could not have made a sounder move: in no time at all Domna is organizing a Justice-for-Mulcahy faction and the liberal elements are with her to a man. He does, it is true, have his bad moments about it. Supposing they should ask him to prove his story? But common sense soon comes to the rescue. "In these days, it would be a work of supererogation to show that one had been a Communist; the rub was to show one had not been."

Thus we are given the entrancing spectacle of a number of high-minded American intellectuals fighting to save a colleague they mostly dislike, in the mistaken belief that he is subversive. Naturally, whatever they do strikes Mulcahy either as wrong or as insufficient. He argues, upbraids, calls their motives in question. "But it's not fair to *me*, Alma," he exclaims to a woman who has resigned and jeopardised her future for his sake, meaning that a threat of resignation would have been more effective than the resignation itself. They bear with him patiently. He lies and is detected in lying and they remain loyal. They are not, by any means, very perfect gentle knights. Every known species of bee zooms in their bonnet, every conceivable bat is at large in their belfry; yet their crazy rightness in the wide human sense stands up beautifully to the narrow and particular rightness of the President and his henchmen, who see Mulcahy administratively, and as a simple pain in the neck.

Mulcahy, by this time against practically everyone's better judgment, is kept on. In fact, the President himself is the one to go. In the superb last scene to a superb comedy he explains, "The College would never get rid of him as long as I was at the tiller. With another skipper . . . there's a fair chance of getting him out. I confess I thought of Samson . . ." In a certain sense, he muses, he must be saying farewell to progressivism.

Mary McCarthy has all the vitality we expect from American writers and a depth that many of them lack. It is possible to read her slowly, and many times over. The chapter where in twenty-five scintillating pages she sets down the educational vagaries of Jocelyn College, is an intellectual *tour de force* as well as a beautiful piece of fun. A European would never dare to make such cracks lest he be accused of envy. Finally, and best of all, this book shows a tremendous advance from the author's previous work, excellent though that was: we now await the next one, greedily, impatiently, and not without a pleasurably nervous fluttering in the pit of the stomach.

The author of *The Prince of Wales's Feathers* (this being a public house) is an Archbishop. If a novelist with time on his hands were to propose himself for the episcopate, his qualifications would be carefully examined: and very few of the novelists personally known to me, I believe, would secure this plum. In the same way an Archbishop, justly claiming our reverence as such, exposes a flank when he takes to the writing of novels. A good novelist always writes of what he knows, and this the Archbishop has signally failed to do. Indeed, there is grave reason to doubt that he ever will, since the play of his gently caustic mind over episcopal matters might be found convenient by some. He serves us up instead a pastiche of life among the poor and the less poor, black and white, of a seaport, which is bloodless and artificial. At times his manner is painfully knowing. "Look at that!" he seems to say: "not bad for an Archbishop, what?" It is a book to provoke mild scandal among pious maiden ladies and derisive comment in *The Prince of Wales's Feathers*, in the event of its being read there.

The Good-for-Nothing is a farcical tale of life among American Jews of the middle class. There is a hero, too good to be true, and a black sheep who lives off a charm that the author has not managed to put across. There is also a matriarch of the kind which makes the low incidence of murder in Jewish family life so utterly worthy of praise. A lively little book, with good things in it: the author will probably do well to return to the short story.

HONOR TRACY

PHILOSOPHY AND PARADOX

Philosophy and Psycho-Analysis. By JOHN WISDOM. *Blackwell.* 22*s.* 6*d.*

The view that philosophy is the activity of curing people of philosophical puzzles, and in particular of curing them of the desire to ask philosophical questions, is one to which many contemporary philosophers subscribe but which arouses in others disappointment or distrust. Can philosophers achieve nothing "positive"? And, in so far as this view likens philosophy to psycho-analysis, doesn't it suggest that an interest in philosophy is somehow discreditable? Professor Wisdom holds this view, but with a difference. Or perhaps it is that he takes the analogy with psycho-analysis seriously. In one of the essays reprinted in this collection he writes:

> Wittgenstein once said that he "holds no opinions in philosophy" and again that he tries to remove "a feeling of puzzlement, to cure a sort of mental cramp." This emphasises much more what evil philosophy removes than what good it brings.

The good it brings is what Professor Wisdom is concerned to emphasise in most of the essays. It is, in a word, insight.

And of course a man who goes to an analyst cannot *just* lose his symptoms. The symptoms are symptoms of something else, of an underlying conflict. The patient resolves his conflict when he gains insight. And if this insight is something "positive" that results from the activity of the analyst, should not something correspond in the activity of the philosopher?

The characteristic pronouncements of philosophers—*e.g.* that time is unreal, that no one can know what another person is thinking or feeling, that philosophical discussions are about words—are, Professor Wisdom says, paradoxes. If we reflect honestly, we shall see that they are obviously false, and that those who put them forward know perfectly well that they are false. So we cannot treat them as we would the pronouncements of a scientist, even of a specially cautious or specially profound scientist. But neither can we afford to ignore them. To say that they are false is not enough. The paradox is the expression of a conflict, a conflict between rival metaphors, models, or pictures.

Only the crudest travesty of what Professor Wisdom means by this is possible here. But if we think of a man's mind as a private room from which he looks out on to the world we shall become puzzled as to how we know what he thinks and how he feels. For it is not only a locked door that keeps us from entering this room. Dissatisfied with this model we may turn to another; a man's mind is to his behaviour not as the interior of a room is to its exterior, but as the electric current in a wire is to the behaviour of an ammeter in circuit with it; and to complain that one can't know the strength of the current except by looking at the ammeter is absurd. But this model is also unsatisfactory. For if it were right no one could know how George is feeling except by considering his bodily states and behaviour. But doesn't George know? This paradox then is not pointless. It brings out in a sharp and extreme way how wrong we are when we think of a man's mind as something behind his face or as a manikin that sits behind the eyes. This model is not entirely wrong. But it is just a model. The paradox shows where it breaks down. To this extent, the paradox marks a discovery.

The other paradoxes, too, mark discoveries. But—and this is an essential feature of Professor Wisdom's procedure—the content of the discovery is not something that can, so to speak, be

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MACDONALD

wrapped up and taken away in a parcel. A man's mind is not like a private room, and it isn't either like a current in a wire. What then *is* it like? Professor Wisdom doesn't say. And people often feel, I think, that this represents a quite deliberate perversity on his part, or an obsessional degree of caution. But this is to miss the point of the procedure. As Professor Wisdom says:

> Every philosophical question is really a request for a description of a class of animals—of a *very* familiar class of animals. . . . Consequently, philosophical answers are descriptions of very familiar classes of animals—and because the animals are so familiar there is no question of the answers being wrong descriptions—but only of whether they are happy descriptions or not.

To ask what a man's mind *is* like, as if one were ignorant of something, is to slip back into regarding philosophy as science. And to expect Professor Wisdom to answer is like expecting one's analyst to tell one what attitudes to adopt. The analyst can't tell us of anything we don't know. He can only tell us what we do already know but don't see the relevance of.

One could wish that Professor Wisdom discussed a wider variety of philosophical topics, or discussed those he does discuss in more detail—especially in view of his hints that there are analytic sources for philosophical puzzlement. Reik said "The essence of analysis is surprise" and it is I think a criticism of Professor Wisdom's method that his remarks about Appearance and Reality do not surprise us enough. One sees readily that unconscious hopes and fears could influence someone's thought on the distinction. But what unconscious hopes and fears do? But perhaps this is like complaining that one doesn't get insight into oneself just by reading Freud and Jones.

"Chance and Necessity, Freedom and Deity, Mind and Matter, Space and Time—these words have in them the detachment of the intellect but also echoes from the heart." These essays have had a profound influence on contemporary philosophy; in view of their peculiar virtues it would be a pity if they were not read now by a wider public.

J. F. THOMSON

ENGLAND AND JERUSALEM

William Blake's Jerusalem. *Trianon Press*, for the Blake Trust. 63*s*.

"Nations are Destroy'd or Flourish, in proportion as their Poetry, Painting and Music are Destroy'd, or Flourish!" These words, that should be written upon the walls of those who govern England, where they can never be for a single day forgotten, occur on the first page of *Jerusalem*, now published in a limited edition of the "Rinder" copy of the poem, printed in black and white. This beautiful book will console many who could not afford the coloured edition taken from the "Stirling" copy, and published in 1951 at thirty guineas—a price not excessive for so superb a book. It contains Mr. Geoffrey Keynes's careful edition of the text, the lines numbered for each plate; the facsimile reproduction of the poem; and a frontispiece in colour-collotype, from a unique proof of Blake's frontispiece to *Jerusalem*, the property of the editor.

It is desirable to read all Blake's poems with their accompanying designs, not so much because the latter illustrate the former as because they supplement it with additional meanings not conveyed by the words—meanings necessary for a complete understanding of those visions that were "dictated" piecemeal to the poet, lacking order and sequence of events in time, but all evidently part of one organic timeless, visionary whole. We cannot understand part of Blake's writings without that total context, to know which we must follow up every clue (and no clue is blind) and then read each part illuminated, as it were, from inside the whole myth.

It is strange to see Blake's faith justified by a non-profit-making Trust founded with the object of making his work "better known to students and to the public"—that public to which his appeals went unheard in his own lifetime, but to which he knew that he had a message to deliver, not of private, but of national import. As that message is gradually understood, Blake takes ever a higher and higher place, as something more than a poet—as, indeed, the greatest of modern prophets.

KATHLEEN RAINE

MEDICAL HISTORY

The White Plague. By RENÉ and JEAN DUBOS. *Gollancz*. 15*s*.

Living With Cancer. By EDNA KAEHELE. *Gollancz*. 8*s*. 6*d*.

The only really cheerful history, especially when one considers the history of the last century, is medical history. One can almost always redress a jaundiced view of human achievement by reading it. And yet the point is rapidly approaching—is here already, in fact—when even this kind of escapism won't do. So long as drugs, techniques and ideas of causation were the limiting factor of progress, science could stick to undisturbingly abstract propositions. Today we can cure malaria, typhoid, and plague, and prevent smallpox. The next medical problem lies painfully near to normal history—in the study of the reasons why, over nine-tenths of the earth, we don't.

The Dubos' book is a fascinating study of tuberculosis, in which this convergence of problems comes pat. We see the intelligentsia of the nineteenth century dying at Nice, we see the germ discovered, social medicine beginning in Western Europe, first surgery and then antibiosis applied to tuberculosis control, and the prospect, very sanely stated, that advances in all these fields together, rather than in any one panacea, can be expected to complete the conquest. On the last few pages stand the graphs of mortality trends, falling steadily for all the Western countries, except for sharp spikes at each war and slump. Among them, the mortality trend for Puerto Rico climbs steadily skyward. The graph of differential mortality between American Negro and American White follows a caption on differential race susceptibility. "It is only," say the authors cautiously, "through gross errors in social organisation . . . that tuberculosis could reach the catastrophic levels that prevailed in Europe and North America during the nineteenth century, and that still prevail in Asia and much of Latin America today." Tuberculosis is a political disease.

Most of us who are unsolaced by religion or spiritualism realise that tolerable adjustment to life involves the turning for most of our lives of a blind eye on our future decease. The author of *Living with Cancer* is an ordinary woman of domestic tastes who was suddenly and gratuitously informed by her doctor that she had six months to live. Her book is a very moving account of the emotional crisis through which she passed, and of the adjustment she found, the hard way, without self-deception or panic. To the medical reader the adjustment (or to use a less pompous word, the patient's courage and good sense) command respect, but he is likely to spend far longer in speculating on the motives of the physician who wantonly launched her on an unnecessary and horrible experience. Mrs. Kaehele is still alive after six years. The lesson of this book, for me at least, is that the occasions on which it is permissible to tell a patient that he or she is dying can be counted on less than one hand.

ALEX COMFORT

Seton Dearden's study of Sir Richard Burton, *The Arabian Knight*, has been extensively revised by the author and reissued by Arthur Barker (16*s*.) Other new additions include *Straw in the Hair*, the anthology of nonsense verse compiled by Denys Kilham Roberts (Bodley Head, 9*s*. 6*d*.); and William Bolitho's *Murder for Profit*, (Dobson, 7*s*. 6*d*.).

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SHORTER REVIEWS

The Romantic Poets. By GRAHAM HOUGH. *Hutchinson.* 8s. 6d.

This is one of those indispensable books that undertake a job of tidying up. All textbooks and "introductions" to widely discussed subjects tend to grow stealthily out of date as the monographs pile up and the changes of taste bring new shiftings of emphasis, until one discovers, with something of a shock, that there is really nothing available for the student, or the general reader who wants to be put in the picture, that can be recommended without substantial implementation. Hence the popularity of these series, and the vital importance of the choice of men to write them; for the knack is to be discreetly up to date, not idiosyncratic, and original only up to a point. Mr. Hough has done well. If we say that his book does no more than provide an accurate summary of the kind of thing that is "being said" about the Romantic poets, we are not sniffing, for had the book been otherwise the General Editor would no doubt have had to reject it. A tone of brisk common sense is probably the best policy, and again Mr. Hough has hit it off admirably. He refuses, quite firmly, to be drawn on any really difficult question: the *Ancient Mariner* is "a vivid presentation of the rebirth myth as it is conceived by Jung," but "such explanations of poetry are not convincing to everyone and are not easily demonstrable, so I will not labour the point"—an example that indicates the gulf between the textbook writer and the serious critic, who is expected to "labour" just that kind of point.

Within these limits the book brings together a very sensible array of judgments; the chapter on Keats is especially level-headed, and on Byron Mr. Hough brings out the interest and importance of his subject without any embarrassing claim that he was a poet on the same level as the others. Where the book is perhaps a little too conventional is in devoting the initial chapter to Gray: admittedly this is useful in helping to make concrete the state of affairs that Wordsworth was trying to end, but Mr. Hough's interest in Gray is faint (one had not expected any longer to find a critic of the *Elegy* failing to take account of H. W. Garrod's important findings about its composition) and he has little to say. One offers it as a suggestion that, if he had really divined the current direction of criticism, he would have given this chapter to Blake's lyrical poetry. Still, it is hard to find fault with so useful and modest a volume.

A Crafts Anthology. By JAMES T. BAILY. *Cassell.* 12s. 6d.

Britain is losing her craftsmen; silversmiths are now in the news, for there are so few of them to carry on their ancient and honourable trade. Belatedly, we begin to realise that the advantages of cheap mass-produced goods have to be paid for by the loss of human skill and human happiness. Blake, at the outset of the industrial revolution, prophesied what would happen; Ruskin and Morris, by example as well as precept, reminded their countrymen that there is a world of difference between mechanical drudgery and creative work. They were not unheeded; but in spite of a rather self-conscious revival of handicrafts, there are fewer people in Britain today than ever before whose work is a joy to them because it is—no matter how humbly—creative.

Mr. Baily is to be thanked for making public this anthology, which he has collected over a period of forty years, in the course of a life devoted to the promotion of handicrafts in schools and training colleges. Some of the passages express the joy of making things honestly and well; others praise the good artificer; others put forward educational arguments in favour of craft-work. The unity of the book comes from its compiler's compelling conviction that the well-being of the individual and of society depends upon the practice of the useful arts; and its pleasantly authentic flavour comes from the inclusion of materials from all kinds of sources. It is not the selection of a literary dilettante, but of someone whose reading has ranged widely and who is not inhibited from putting in passages from Longfellow or the Mothers' Union Journal as well as noble extracts from Virgil, Hesiod or the Bible.

The anthology is intelligently arranged and attractively produced, with vignettes by A. E. Goodall, and an apt frontispiece—a reproduction of the engraving which Morris and Burne-Jones did for *A Dream of John Ball*, to illustrate the saw *When Adam delved and Eve span, who was then the gentleman?* Now every ratepayer, employing his leisure by filling up football pools, is an Esq. Not exactly what John Ball hoped for.

The Berlin Story. By CURT RIESS. *Muller.* 12s. 6d.

Mr. Curt Riess appears, himself, to have had little difficulty in turning from a Berliner into an American: this book describes how his native city changed its spots, ceased to be Hitler's, and became Reuter's Berlin. The boisterous alternates with the apologetic for Mr. Reiss is at once too much a Berliner, and too conscious of having become an American, to write contemporary history. However, he is a good journalist. All over America men will be mailing boxes of those long black cigars to heroic Mayor Reuter.

The Berlin Story is a book in the tradition of much recent collected American correspondence, graphic, emotional, mannered: it lets the American taxpayer know that his money is being spent on a fine bunch of anti-Reds out in Berlin. However, the enigma of Berlin remains and Mr. Reiss, though he provides much of the evidence, does little to solve it: he is too interested in myth. His "Jolly Berliner" is curiously familiar to readers of Mr. Isherwood—even to his moral cowardice; yet the *Zeitgeist* is a bore and, in a serious work, one could have expected a more penetrating analysis of the individual, as well as of the composite figure. One rather suspects that, despite a tuft of men like Reuter, the average Berliner's response to a particular morality or change in the political situation is dictated almost entirely by what he and his family stand to gain by it.

The Logbook of the Coiners. By ANDRÉ GIDE. *Cassell.* 30s.

Les Faux-Monnayeurs, it will be remembered, contains a journal written by a novelist who is engaged in writing a novel called *Les Faux-Monnayeurs*. On this elaborate structure of self-consciousness and creative introspection Gide built yet another turret in the journal he kept while writing his book, the *Journal des Faux-Monnayeurs*. This is a small and quintessentially Gidean work in which are to be found many of the most piercing statements and inseminating adumbrations about life and art which were produced by the subtlety and devotion of Gide's mind. Mr. Justin O'Brien's translation is welcome; exact and careful, it gives in English perhaps all that can be given of the flavour of the original, compounded of gravity, force and ease. The publishers have brought out a handsome and graceful production; but perhaps a volume less costly and luxurious would have found its way more readily into the hands of the young writers for whom, above all, this book is valuable.

Wages and Salaries in the United Kingdom, 1920-1938. Studies in the National Income and Expenditure of the United Kingdom, No. 5. By AGATHA L. CHAPMAN, assisted by ROSE KNIGHT. *Cambridge.* 55s.

This massive volume is one of a series that is being edited by Mr. Richard Stone for the Cambridge Department of Applied Economics and the National Institute of Economic and Social Research. The series is designed to produce for the period between the wars a body of statistics comparable with those which are available for the post-war period in the annual White Papers on National Income and Expenditure and in other current reports. The present volume makes use of, and attempts to correct, the earlier estimates of Professor Bowley and Mr. Colin Clark, but goes into much greater detail and covers a wider range, including all kinds of salaries as well as wages. Unfortunately, the attempt to be fully comprehensive involves a good many estimates, especially for salary-earners, which are hardly more than guesswork. Wages are, in general, a good deal easier to estimate; and the conclusions reached do not differ much from earlier estimates except in being clearer (as to their precise coverage) and more detailed. The volume is not one that lends itself to brief review; and the purpose of this notice is to draw attention to its existence and to urge the importance of getting it into libraries. It is of value not only for its wage estimates but also for its new reckonings of the numbers employed in different occupations, and for its good account of the available sources of information.

The Mapmaker's Art. By EDWARD LYNAM. *Batchworth Press.* 21s.

As Superintendent of the Map Room in the British Museum for 19 years before his death in 1950, Edward Lynam had exceptional opportunities for the study of early maps, to which he brought uncommon qualities of humanity, wit, and historical perception. Essays here reprinted, with generous illustrations, describe the technical processes of the early surveyor ("English Maps and Mapmakers of the Sixteenth Century," "Saxton's Atlas of England and Wales") and the skill applied to the decoration of his maps ("Period Ornament, Writing and Symbols on Maps"). But Lynam never forgot that a map is an "imitation and picture of the earth" and of man's use of it; nor did he fail to people his landscape with figures, as his long essay on "The Character of England in Maps" shows. In this spirited reconstruction of the landscape as it was traced on maps from the thirteenth to the eighteenth centuries, we see how it was transformed by the labour of farmers and smallholders, landowners and speculators, craftsmen, merchants and manufacturers, the builders of roads and canals; and the countryside which Shakespeare, Pepys, Defoe, and Johnson knew is evoked by a skilful juxtaposition of details from maps and a commentary from other contemporary sources. The volume is completed by lively essays on the buccaneers of the

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On all these topics the author wears his learning lightly, and the book is a pleasure both to read and to handle. The numerous half-tone illustrations admirably fit the text, and the publisher deserves credit for an unusually effective dust-wrapper, reproducing Norden's map of Sussex of 1595.

Still Water Fly-fishing. By T. C. Ivens. *Derek Verschoyle.* 16*s.*

The publisher makes for this book a claim which the author would assuredly not endorse: Mr. Ivens has written not "the first complete work" on fly-fishing in still waters, but a distinctly selective treatise on techniques applicable to Blagdon and other similar English reservoirs. There are many aspects of fishing in natural lochs with which the author does not deal; for instance, one looks in vain for any reference to the factors, such as changes in barometric pressure or the solunar theory of tidal influences, which determine, or seem to determine, the moments at which fish in still waters "come on." Within his chosen limits, however, Mr. Ivens writes knowledgeably. He is, *par excellence*, a fisher from the bank; and, though not every angler will be persuaded to accept his advocacy of the use of a ten-foot rod casting twenty-eight yards of No. 3 line, he imparts much useful advice both in methods of angling (notably, the technique of short-lining on a lee shore, and knots for slippery nylon) and in the principles and practice of stocking. Accompanying the book is a series of informative illustrations, giving a break-down of Mr. Iven's method of casting a line of a length associated usually with tournament casting.

Week-end Competitions

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Telephone subscribers in Berlin, on dialling a certain number, hear suggestions for a menu and instructions how to cook it. Competitors are asked to imagine, in not more than 150 words, what one of the following would advise in such circumstances: Parson Woodforde, the Rev. Sydney Smith, Mrs. Beeton, Brillat-Savarin, Ambrose Heath, Philip Harben, Lord Woolton, or Cyril Connolly.

Report by Epsilon

Our competitors, who always seem able to dash off pastiches of Henry James or Ivy Compton-Burnett, apparently boggle at Mrs. Beeton: of course, ranging as she does from the Authorised text of 1859 to yesterday's latest Revised Version, she offers a wider variety of style than mere literary authors. The entry was a small one, the standard reasonably high. I was sorry that neither of the Cyril Connolly dishes proved sound all through; but I commend P. J. Webley's title—"*Souffle à l'Horizon*" or "It is closing-time in the Gardens of the West"—and one passage of Andrew Crowcroft's read well:

> Not all ghosts can be laid. As we pass the explosive pomegranates, the dribbling melons, the quinces and nectarines, as we absorb the odour of mint and thyme, of sage, rosemary and verbena, of cigar smoke: all of these arranged exhalations, they will not leave our memories alone.

P. M. (swearing it was a genuine old recipe) made Sydney Smith open brutally with "Take a large, fat head, well soaked overnight. When splitting, lay aside brains. . . ." First prizes of two guineas each to Elaine Morgan and L. G. Udall; a guinea each to Findlay P. Murdoch and Jim Parrott. The setter's thanks, too, to H. A. C. Evans for really practical recipes which shall be used next time a sturgeon or a haunch of venison passes through Great Turnstile.

Ambrose Heath

Dinner for two to-night? Oh, dear, you haven't left much time. Never mind, the great thing is not to get alarmed. Think of something fried. What about cromesquis? Take a pan of deep fat—what? only *this* week's fat-ration? What have you done with—don't you ever——? Oh.

Well, what did you buy this morning? Fish? Steak? Got *up* too late? No, no, don't get worried. Go to the larder and see what left-overs you've got—I'll hang on. . . . Cold chicken, champagne and wedding-cake. Mm.

Look—time's getting on. Have you a pressure-cooker? Look among the wedding presents. No, that's not it. If it's an heirloom it can't be a pressure-cooker. Sounds more like—I do believe it's a chafing-dish! Cold chicken and a chafing-dish! Perfect! Dear lady, you must, you absolutely must—quick, what is the address? Just lay the table—I'll come and *show* you!

Elaine Morgan

Lord Woolton

How wise of you to ring me when you need advice. Now here is just the thing to suit nearly all tastes. I say nearly all, because we all know the odd one or two, don't we? Well, now, here we are, then. Humble Pie. Take a good dose of what you think is the truth and spread it well over the ether. Let it sink well in. Bring to the boil and simmer for a few weeks. No selfishness in the kitchen, you know, so we must let some other cook put in some more ingredients, what they are doesn't really matter, we all like a surprise. We take our own fingers out of the pie and it is dished. Then we go quietly into a corner and eat it. We don't all like communal feeding, do we?

L. G. Udall

Philip Harben

Here's a dish to make your mouth water. It's called *Poulet Potsdam à la Fugue Royale*. The story goes that Frederick the Great, after J. S. Bach had played to him, exclaimed: "*Vous avez joué en roi et vous souperez en roi.*" Whereupon the Emperor dashed off and prepared this dish himself.

You will need a plump chicken, some rashers of bacon, caviare, asparagus, mushrooms, peaches, potatoes and butter. If your shopkeeper can't supply any of these, try the members of one or other of the occupying forces.

Pot-roast the chicken for 1½ hours in butter—shades of Hermann—then add the other ingredients, except the peaches and caviare, and cook for another ½ hour. Cut peaches in half, filling one section with raspberry sauce and the other with tartar sauce.

The dish is now ready and should be set out with precision; encircle the chicken with potatoes, mushrooms and peaches, flank with asparagus, and top with caviare. *Auf wiedersehen.*

Findlay P. Murdoch

Mrs. Beeton

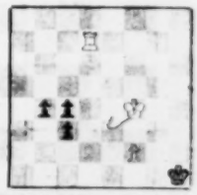
"Isabella Beeton speaking—H for haste, E for eclairs—*really*, the speaking-tube was so much more convenient! Something old-fashioned? My dear, even "North Atlantic Crumble" is just plain hash dressed up. You'd like it? Yes, *quite* good enough for the Butler! Ingredients: mushrooms—you won't need many—plenty of French beans, and a dozen divisions of German Sausage, some grapes à la Leopold—the sour kind—Alsatian raspberries, Dutch cheese, Danish butter, Italian vermouth and Spanish onions. Have a nice Muscovy duck ready, spiced with Chinese ginger. First grease the palms, using the fat from a buck if you can get it—yes, I *know* it's deer! Simmer the onions; mix the beans and the sausage, add the raspberries, and separate. Grate the cheese over, mix in the grapes and butter, and sprinkle with vermouth. Pour it all over the duck. Now is the time for the mushrooms. . . ."

Jim Parrott

CHESS: Tricky Ending

No. 181

Some of our keenest and most successful competitors have been cook-hunting again, but I think—or at least I hope—that this time the quarry has eluded them. Anyway, I am not surprised that this uncommonly subtle study by Wotava has caused some second thoughts, and it is certainly well worth another look. Readers will remember the author's solution (1) K-K3, P-Kt6, (2) P-B4!, P-Kt7, (3) K-K2!, this being the only way to put Black into *zugzwang*, whilst the double-step of the pawn is necessary to give the White K the elbow-room subsequently required. Obviously (3) . . . P-B7 is countered by K-B2; hence (3) . . . K-Kt7, (4) R-KKt7 ch, K-R2, (5) R-QKt7, P-B7 (the threat was (6) K-Q1!), (6) K-B2, K-R6, (7) K-B3, K-R7, (8) R x P, etc. Now some readers still insist that the win can also be achieved with a single step of the White P, and there are certainly some variations upholding the claim—indeed all except the one that refutes it: (1) K-K3, P-Kt6, (2) P-B3?, K-Kt7, (3) R-QKt7, K-B8!! This, by robbing White of access to the vital squares K2 and Q1, would give Black the win.



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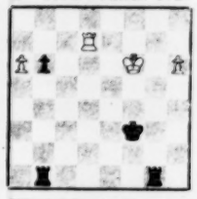
Speaking of subtle studies, here is another one, long earmarked for a competition. But on second thoughts I haven't the heart to spoil their week-ends for competitors so cruelly. It is a piece composed by Troitzky in 1925; White is to win, and the first couple of moves seem obvious enough. (1) P-R6, P-B5, (2) P-R7, P-B6. Now comes the first exclamation mark (and our more erudite competitors will instantly recognise the "Bristol idea"): (3) B-R1! The meaning of this appears a few moves later in a sub-variation; for if Black were now to play B-Kt3 ch, the sequel would be: (4) K-K7, P-B7, (5) P queens, P queens, (6) Q-Kt2 mate. Hence, Black plays (3) . . . B-R5 ch!, whereupon the White K has only one winning move (the subtle meaning of which will only appear seven moves later): (4) K-B7!!, B-B3!! A brilliant counter-thrust, deflecting the B and thereby eliminating the mating-threat. Yet the same stratagem would *not* have worked in the above-mentioned sub-variation of the Black B checking at Kt3; for in that case the intercession and capture of the B would have occurred at e4, whence the further progress of the Black P would have been impeded. But now, after (5) B x B, P-B7, (6) P queens, P queens, Black seems to have dodged the more obvious devil, only to be drowned in a sea which is very deep indeed. (7) Q-R2 ch, K-Kt6 (best), (8) Q-KKt2 ch, K-B5 (best), (9) Q-B3 ch, K-Kt4, (10) Q-Kt3 ch, K-B4. It is only now that we can see why, on his 4th move, the White K had to go to B7; for by playing (11) Q-Kt6 ch White will either mate or win the Q in the next move.

A: Kulcinsky 1922

In this week's competition the 4-pointer for beginners is not quite as simple as usual. It is a game position in which White won by a sacrificial combination, with every one of Black's moves forced. **B**—White to win—may be slightly overrated with 6 ladder-points, but **C**—White to win—might be underrated with 7, if I didn't add the useful hint to force the Black Q on to the same diagonal with the White B. Usual prizes. Entries by March 30.

B: Henri Rinck 1929



C: Troitzky 1897

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set February 28

A: (1) Kt x BP? Kt x Kt. (2) R x Kt, R x R. (3) R x R, Q-Kt7!!, etc.

B: (1) *Key*: K-K5

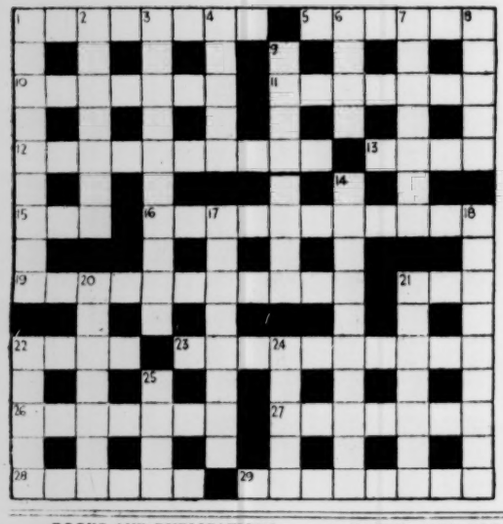
C: (1) K-B7, Kt-R3 ch. (2) K-B8, Kt-Kt1. (3) Kt-Kt4, P-R3. (4) K-B7, K-R2. (5) Kt-K5 (K3), K-R1. (6) Kt-B4!, K-R2. (7) Kt-Q6, K-R1. (8) Kt-K8!, K-R2. (9) K-K6!, K-R1. (10) K-Q6 (Q7)!, K-R2. (11) K-Q7 (Q6)!, K-R1. (12) K-K6, K-R2. (13) K-B7, K-R1. (14) Kt-B7, K-R2. (15) Kt-K6, K-R1. (16) Kt-B8, etc.

if (3) . . . Kt-R3. (4) Kt-K5, followed by Kt-B7 mate.

Well over a score of correct solutions. Prizes shared by E. W. Carmichael, M. G. Harman (aged 15), L. J. Jackson, D. C. Mease, P. B. Sarson, H. V. Trevenen. *Non-Londoners' majority move* (2) Kt-KB3. *Londoners' 2nd due by March* 25.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 40



ACROSS

1. Politician could have a win in the place of retirement (8).
5. Made friends, but grew tedious (6).
10. Painter of Alexander (7).
11. Fabulous subject of a Rilke sonnet (7).
12. The French port with room for a market (10).
13. Love but fight (4).
15. Gesture of fallibility (3).
16. For the Italians perhaps Peano shed light on the solution (11).
19. Signs of economy afoot (11).
21. West Indian without an offspring (3).
22. Has horns but does not quite make the conservative vote (4).
23. Sprint out of the ammunition building (10).
26. He applies principles about a Scottish island (7).
27. I cut one means of communication retreating for the town (7).
28. A month to cut a politician (6).
29. Timber for clogs? (8).

DOWN

1. Birds who take small parts? (9).
2. Country composer (7).
3. Thornton's deserts? (10).
4. Entertainer with ring science in the left hand (5).
6. On our side after a shepherd (4).
7. Alone or in a musical medley (7).
8. The actor is almost present (5).
9. Prepare a bird for the table or demolish it? (4, 4).
14. Vile prices for insincerity (10).
17. Landing windows? (8).
18. Like Coleridge's leaves (9).
20. It has surge and thunder (7).
21. Caught over a star outcry (7).
22. Razor Bill? (5).
24. This channel adjoins the shore in London (5).
25. Noble ending (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 39

N	O	T	I	C	E	■	C	A	T	S	K	I	L	L
E	■	H	■	L	■	■	X	■	I	■	M	■	U	■
P	R	U	N	E	S	■	W	I	N	N	I	P	E	G
T	■	M	■	V	■	S	■	S	■	G	■	L	■	G
U	M	B	R	E	L	L	A	■	A	S	H	O	R	E
N	■	■	R	■	O	■	S	■	I	■	R	■	R	■
E	V	A	N	■	B	U	N	P	E	N	N	I	E	S
■	■	R	■	M	■	G	■	O	■	G	■	N	■	■
M	A	T	T	E	R	H	O	R	N	■	A	G	E	D
U	■	I	■	A	■	S	■	T	■	A	■	■	A	■
F	E	C	U	N	D	■	R	E	D	B	R	I	C	K
F	■	H	■	T	■	N	■	D	■	R	■	B	■	O
L	A	O	D	I	C	E	A	■	C	O	S	S	E	T
E	■	K	■	M	■	R	■	■	A	■	E	■	A	■
S	K	E	L	E	T	O	N	■	A	D	O	N	I	S

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

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NEAR Pendine. Comfortable accom. in Country house, beautiful surroundings and lovely coastal scenery. Liberal table, home produce, billiards, tennis & ping-pong room. Terms 6*gns.* Broadway Mansion, Laugharne, Carmarthenshire. Telephone Laugharne 25.

BOURNEMOUTH. Guest Hse. nr. sea/shops/buses. Basins, gas fires. Mod. terms. "Mariners," Clifton Rd., Southbourne. Tel. 43961.

CORNWALL. On the lovely Roseland Peninsula, Carndodman Guest House, Gerrans, Portscatho—overlooks sea, safe sandy bathing beaches, river sailing and fishing. Opening Easter. Terms moderate. S.A.E. for brochure or 'phone Roseland 58.

S. DEVON. Overlooking Start Bay. An 18th century country house in beautiful surroundings. Every comf., excellent food. Bathing, sailing, fishing. Now booking for Easter & Summer. White Ladies, Stoke Fleming. Tel. Stoke Fleming 246.

CHAGFORD, Devon. Come in Spring for the fresh loveliness of Dartmoor. Moor Park Hotel, a delightful old Coaching House, for hospitality & comfort. Modern amenities. Cocktail Bar, Riding; Trout Fishing. Central for runs to the coasts. A.A., R.A.C. Res. Props.: Randle & Robinson. Tel.: 2202.

DONEGAL Bay, Eire. Sea, mountains, village. Phibbs, Manor Cottage, Dunkineely.

CORNWALL. Carefree happy holiday offered by French lady in her cottage to 3 or 4 persons only. ½ mile beautiful beach, well-cooked food, real personal attention. £4 15*s.* weekly. All inclusive. Mrs. Luxemburg, 4 Vicarage Road, St. Agnes.

PORTHLEVEN, S. Cornwall. Tye Rock Hotel. Loveliest position on sunny Cornish coast. Every comfort: "Home" cooking. A.A. recommended.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

TRIGON House Hotel, Notting Hill Gate, 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. Phone BAY 0667. Lux. serv. rooms w. board. Reasonable.

SERVICE rooms. Chelsea. Fully furnished, cen. htg., C.h.w., full breakfast & dinner inc. from 6*gns.* per week. FLA. 7755.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. 3 minutes from Earls Court Stn. H. & c., gas fires all rms. 15*s.* 6*d.* bed. & bkfast. Under pers. supervsn.

ACCOM. available in Hostel April 2 to April 14. Pleasant surroundings, gardens, easy access to West End. Apply Warden, 18 St. John's Wood Park, London, N.W.8.

NICELY furn. flat, Wandsworth Common vacant end April, el., ch.w., tel. Would suit 2 discerning people. BAT. 0351.

TO Let: Pleasant furn. rm. Business lady/stud. S. Kensington. FRE. 2881.

A CHARMING Bijou Guest House, h. & c.; garden; rooms, incl. breakfast and dinner, from £3 10*s.* Few mins. Marble Arch, nr. tube, buses. 80 Maida Vale, W.9. MAI. 1930.

LONDON. A pleasant atmosphere, excel. food & comfort; h. & c. basins; sprung mattresses; cinema screen television, etc. Near Hampstead Heath, City, Theatreland & Zoo. 4*gns.* to 6½*gns.* weekly. You will enjoy staying at Belsize Park House Hotel, 13-15-17 Belsize Avenue, N.W.3. Or at our Residential Youth Club nearby; perm. from 50*s.* week.

MUSWELL Hill, 2-room flat; bed-sit., kit.-bath. Well-furn. & equip. Use frig. 3*gns.* weekly. Phone after 6. TUDor 6384.

HIGHGATE Woods; newly decorated furn. sunny double & single rooms to let, with h. & c. and cooking facilities, on bus route & near Tube. Phone Tudor 9073.

BED-SITTING room use kit. & bath. Easy reach bus & tube. S.W. district. Suit teacher or bus. woman. Tel. BAT. 4872.

TO let, single & double divan-bed-sitting rooms, with partial board. Terms mod. 'Phone MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

WEST End. Young couple offers charming furn. bed. sit. to young man in spacious flat, breakfast and optional meals. Privacy. Comfort. Reasonable. Box 7683.

UNFURN. No premium. Notting Hill Gate. Yng woman seeks another to share 2-rmd. mews flat & kit. 2 garages below suitable conversion. £2 10*s.* p.w. Box 7626.

BEDSIT.-rm. for gentleman willing to share kit., tel., etc., with another. 2 mins. from Turnham Green Underground. Box 7515.

ATTRACTIVE furn. rm. opp. Kens. Gdns., b'fast., heatg., phone. Student or prof. pers. (woman) preferred. 3½*gns.* BAY. 7696.

AT Kensington, W.8. Furn. s/c flat to let for students or to share 8-9 persons, 5 bedrooms and lounge (one floor easy to run), bath, h.c.w. basins, kitchen, frig., 'phone & all comforts. Rent 12*gns.* weekly on 12 months' tenancy. H., 9, Lancaster Gate, W.2. PAD. 8406 or evenings, WES. 4156.

LONDON, W.2. Single Divan Bed-Sitting Room with cooking facilities in comf. house (3*gns.*). Breakfast if required; Lounge, service, h. & c., etc. BAYswater 2542.

VERY comfortable large divan-bedroom, share kitchen, bath. Linen. Near Tube, Buses. PRI. 9031.

COMF. acc. well appntd. pte. hse. N.W. Lond., gd. cuisine Eng./Cont. Box 7619.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

OXFORD grad. & wife offer sgle. acc., light ckg. facils. Congenial atmosphere. Hampstead. 45*s.* 6*d.* p.w. HAM. 8109 after 6 p.m.

CENTRAL good accom., business people. Meals as required. Tel. MAI. 1787.

DARTMOUTH Harbour. Modern holiday cottage. Sip. 5. 6-7*gns.* wk. Bov 7558.

FURN. mews-type flat, N. Downs, 2 rooms, garden. Daily reach London. 45*s.* p.w. to country-lovers. Woldingham 2374.

SUSSEX country & sea: small partly furn. gdn. flat to let min. 1 yr. Garage. Suit someone wanting quiet. Box 7480.

ROMANY Caravan. New Forest. Quiet hill site, south edge woodland. Comfortable. Lovely views and surroundings. Mrs. Vize, Blissford, Fordingbridge, Hants.

SEAFORD—Easter onwards. Charming double bed-sitting, kitchen, W.C. Use bathroom, short lets. 4*gns.* p.w. Box 7312.

PRIMITIVE cottage to let, Snowdonia (except August). Sleep 4-6 people. Suitable hikers, climbers. 3*gns.* p.w. Box 7486.

EXETER outskirts. Furn. house, 3 bedrooms. Panoramic views. 'Phone. To let 3/4 weeks August. 6*gns.* p.w. Box 7610.

ASHDOWN Forest, Sussex. Furn. bol. bungalow, slps. 7. Calor gas, elec., indr. san., garage, 2 acres orchard and woodland. To let Apr.-July. £4 10*s.* p.w. Box 7495.

TO let long or short periods, furnished bungalow, Yorkshire Dales. Sleep 4. Bath, tel. Dale Garth, Hawkswick, Skipton.

CARAVAN to let, suit couple, 27*s.* 6*d.* per wk., plus site rental. Site available nr. Bromley (Orpington if reqd. Box 7627.

HOUSEBOAT to let Apr.-July, conf. eqpd., 2-bth, lovely mrings. ½ hr. W'Loo. Howe, 208a New Haw Rd., Weybridge.

CORNISH Cliffs, Zennor. Furnished bungalow to let. 6 rooms. Adams, 42 Ham Street, Richmond, Surrey.

FOR Easter hols, small furn. house accom. family 4-5 Hampstead Gdn. Suburb wish to exchange for similar in country within 80 miles London. SPE. 7905 or write Box 7695.

EXCH large flat Battersea Pk. for seaside 2/4 weeks, June/Sept. Box 7559.

WOULD anyone exchange roomy London flat with access garden for country cottage close Stratford-on-Avon. All mod. cons. Reply Mrs. Squire, 3 Lower End, Alveston, Stratford-on-Avon.

EXCH. comf. accom. couple Lond. for sim. seaside 2-3 wks. May/June. Box 7496.

WANTED: small furnished Cottage Cornwall or Devonshire second half April. Davidson, 89 Park Rd., New Barnet, Herts.

COUPLE and child seek furnished flat/cottage within 30 miles London for month May; rent in advance. Box 7800.

YOUNG married publisher (no children) seeks unfurnished accommodation, now or after Coronation. Best refs. Tel. day Owen, KEN. 5336, 50 Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7.

YOUNG lady requires 2 rooms or flat in or near Central London. Moderate. Furn./unfurn. Hornchurch 4092.

WEST Indian stage and B.B.C. artist and family require furn./unfurn. flat 2-3 rooms, kitchen, bath. Phone NOR. 4949.

WANTED: Unfurnished 1-2 rooms or flatlet, central situation, for middle-aged, quiet, considerate woman teacher. £100 for fittings. Box 7650.

GOLD Coast student wants urgently small bed-sitting room, very moderate rent, North London. Box 7734.

TINY cottage wanted. Freehold. London Area. Facing river or on high ground preferred. Box 7615.

2 young prof. men require s/c furn. flat, 3/4 rooms & bath. Box 7632.

BUSINESS lady out all day seeks roomy permanent central accom., usual facilities. Maximum 80*s.* Viennese, naturalised. Highest references. Box 7460.

TWO young practising designers require unfurn. or part-furn. accom. for studio use. Would consider renovating. Box 7473.

YOUNG professional couple seek furn./unfurn. accomm. Own kitchen pref. Central London/N.W./Wembley. Box 7612.

YNG. lady & boy 4 reqs. furn. cottage flat from app. end April/May for 2/3 mths. Prf. cntry/nr. sea, Devon/C'wall. Alternatively acc. with family or guest house. Look after children/help all round in return. M. Amsel, Pen-y-wain Pl., Roath Park, Cardiff.

BIRMINGHAM, Young designer and wife require part/unfurn. flat June. Strangers to area. ERD. 2556 or Box 7613.

PHILATELY

KNOW Your Stamps! Sound knowledge means buying the right items at the right prices! Make sure of your copy of "The Philatelic Magazine," 6*d.* fortnightly, from your newsagent or stamp shop.

BOOKS on Stamps! Unrivalled stock of current literature covering every branch of philately. Also wide range of albums, etc. Write, call or 'phone! Harris, 29, Buckingham Street, W.C.2. (Tel.: TRA. 4477.)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

UNIVERSITY College of North Staffordshire. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer or Lecturer in Education. The candidate should have good qualifications and teaching experience in English. A higher degree in Education would be an advantage, and candidates should be able to take part in the courses in the Theory of Education and, if possible, Educational Psychology. The salary range for Assistant Lecturers is £450 × £25—£500, with a special allowance of £25 per annum, and for Lecturers, £550 × £50—£1,100, with an efficiency bar at £800. F.S.S.U. privileges are available and children's allowances of £50 per child are paid. If the successful candidate is placed in the Lecturer grade, the commencing salary would not be above £600. The appointment will be from September 1, 1953. Further information should be obtained from the Registrar, The College, Keele, Staffs, to whom applications should be returned not later than March 28, 1953.

THE West Riding Education Committee wish to appoint as Senior Adviser in Music a man or woman who understands from experience the part which music can play in the education of all the children in their schools. The successful applicant will have to supervise music teaching in the County generally and organise the work of visiting orchestras and of the Authority's string quartet. For men the salary scale is £850 × £25—£1,050 and for women £750 × £20—£900, the commencing salary depending on previous experience and/or outstanding qualifications. Forms and particulars may be obtained, on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope, from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Wakefield, to whom completed forms should be returned not later than 14 days after the appearance of this advertisement. Applications submitted in response to a recent similar advertisement will be reconsidered without submission of further forms.

SOLICITOR or Barrister required by large industrial concern for a post in their London Office. Applicants must be able lawyers with energy and determination, and interested in litigation, and must be capable of getting things done without supervision. The post would suit a solicitor in the early 30's with sound training, but limited experience would not rule out a really promising man. The salary will be initially between £1,000 and £1,600 per annum, subject to qualifications and experience, and will be superannuable. Write, stating age, full details of qualifications, National Service and previous experience (with dates), quoting this paper, to Box 7646. Original testimonials should not be forwarded. Closing date April 4, 1953.

MINISTRY of Education: Research Assistant Grade II, Victoria and Albert Museum. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for a pensionable post in Department of Textiles. Age at least 22 on April 1, 1953. Candidates should normally possess a University degree (preferably Arts); knowledge of one or more foreign languages and of textile history or techniques desirable. Inclusive salary: Men £385 (age 22) to £586; Women £379 (age 22) to £490. Thence to scale £628-£786 (men), £533-£655 (women). Starting salary according to age up to £495 (men), £467 (women) at age 26. Application forms from Sec., Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 237/53. To be returned by April 2.

HEAD (preferably Teacher) required for Sunshine Home residential Nursery School for 20 blind children, St. Mary's Bay, New Romney, Kent. Appointment to date from August 17, 1953. Salary Burnham Scale or appropriate scale, with free board-residence. Further particulars and application form from Secretary-General, National Institute for the Blind, 224-6-8 Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

CIVIL Service Commission. H.M. Inspectors of Taxes; Cadet Grade, Ministry of Labour and National Service; Probationary Assistant Postal Controllers; Grade III Officers, Ministry of Defence (the "Special Departmental Classes"): The closing date for receipt of completed application forms for Method I has been extended to May 30, 1953, Age 20-24 on August 1, 1953, with extension for Forces service. For particulars and application forms write (preferably by postcard) to Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 17-20/53.

THE London Co-operative Society, Ltd., invite applications for the position of Assistant Education Secretary. Salary in accordance with N.U.C.O. Scale. Application Forms and further information from Educ. Sec., 34 Tavistock Sq., W.C.1 (Completed forms to be returned by first post, March 30).

FIRST and Second Assistant Wardens wanted by old-established Evangelical Society for approved hostel for 20 girls, aged 15-17, in North London. Salaries £285 p.a. and £265 p.a. respectively, less £78 for full residential emoluments. Write, stating age and experience, enclosing copies of references, to Secretary, 4, Birkenhead St., London, W.C.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SHORT Service Commissions in the Instructor Branch of The Royal Navy. Applications are invited from University Graduates and qualified teachers under 26 years of age for Short Service Commissions of 3, 4 or 5 years in the Instructor Branch, Royal Navy. Requirements are mainly for Officers with qualifications in Mathematics, Science (Physics, Chemistry, Metallurgy) or Engineering, but a few vacancies exist for Officers with qualifications in History or English with a sound Mathematics or Science background. After two years' service, officers will be eligible for selection for permanent commissions. A Short Service engagement in the Instructor Branch will discharge any candidate's obligation under the National Service Acts. Entry will be in two grades. Selected candidates with 1st or 2nd Class Honours Degrees receive approximately £410 in their first year's service, £429 in second year, £548 in third and fourth years, £584 in fifth year. Other candidates receive £319 in first year, £392 in second and third years, £429 in fourth and fifth years. Previous officer service will be recognised for adiustment of seniority and rate of pay on entry. Accommodation and rations are provided or allowances in lieu. Married Officers if aged 25 or over receive Marriage Allowance of £338 per annum if not accommodated in official married quarters, £283 per annum if they are so accommodated. Married Officers under the age of 25 receive Marriage Allowance of £146 per annum but are not entitled to be accommodated in Official married quarters. An initial Outfit Allowance of £115 is paid, together with a free issue of certain articles of clothing. A reduced allowance is payable to candidates with previous Naval Service as officers. Tax free gratuities of £300, £400 or £500 are payable at the end of 3, 4 or 5 years respectively. Instructor Officers serve both ashore and afloat and their duties include both technical instruction and general education. Officers with suitable qualifications may also be trained and appointed for full or part-time meteorological and weather forecasting duties. Service in the Instructor Branch will, in the case of officers who enter from contributory service under the Teachers' (Superannuation) Acts, be treated as contributory service, contributions being deducted from the above gratuities. Other officers may have their service in the Instructor Branch similarly treated if they so desire. Fuller details and application forms may be obtained from Director (P), Naval Education Service, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

CO-OPERATIVE Union, Limited. The Co-operative Party invites applications for the post of National Organiser (two vacancies). Applicants (men or women) must be below the age of 50 and have an intimate knowledge of the Co-operative Movement and the organisation of the Co-operative Party. Salary £600 per year rising by increments to £700. Forms of application may be obtained from Mr. J. Bailey, The Co-operative Party, 56 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1. Closing date for return of application forms April 9.

THE Workers' Educational Association, Berks, Bucks and Oxon District. Applications are invited for the post of Organiser for Berkshire. The person appointed will be required to live in Reading and to maintain and develop W.E.A. branches and classes. Salary £400-£500 a year. Forms of apptic. from the District Secretary, Rewley House, Wellington Square, Oxford, to whom they must be returned not later than March 31.

LEICESTERSHIRE and Rutland Federation of Women's Institutes. Applications are invited for the position of Secretary to the above Federation for the end of June. Salary £350, rising to £450 Pension scheme. Experience in office administration and social work desirable. Applications, stating age, experience and qualifications, together with copy testimonials to be sent to Women's Institutes, 132 Regent Rd., Leicester. Marked "Appointments."

WEST Sussex County Council Children's Committee. Applications are invited from women interested in the special needs of children separated from their homes for the appointment of House Mother at Woodlands, Chichester, the County Council's Cottage Homes for 117 children between the ages of 2 and 15 years. Applicants should be ready to make a home for 12 boys or girls of school age, have initiative and imagination in planning activities and experience in the residential care of children. Salary £296 8s. per annum, from which £75 8s. will be deducted for board and lodging. Good holidays. Applications from those with children not, unfortunately, acceptable. Further particulars and forms of application obtainable from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chichester. Closing date one week after the appearance of this advertisement. T. C. Hayward, Clerk of the County Council.

EAST London Children's Moral Welfare Ctte. Assistant Worker (L.) reqd., age 25-35. Social Science & exper. an advantage. Sal. according to exper. Box 7742.

MATRON wanted for pioneer Home for working Mothers and their children, opening in Edinburgh. Experience in social work essential. Deputy Matron, with training in the care of young children, also required. Write Box 750, Keith & Co., Advertising Agents, Edinburgh.

MATRON & Assistant required for coeducational school with proportion of maladjusted children. Box 7277.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SURREY County Council Education Committee. Appointment of Boarding Schools Officer. Applications are invited from suitably qualified women for this new post, the occupant of which will be employed mainly in visits to a child's home and to boarding schools to assess need for boarding education and to follow up progress made. A Social Service training is required. Teaching experience may be an advantage. Salary scale in accordance with the national scales of salary, A.P.T. Grade III, £525 × £15—£570 per annum plus London Allowance. Forms of application and conditions of service may be obtained on receipt of a stamped (2½d) addressed envelope from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey, and should be returned to reach him not later than March 27, 1953.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE County Council. Appointment of Male Children's Visiting Officer. Applications are invited for a responsible new post under the Children Act, 1948, from men with experience in Juvenile Court work and the after-care of older children, preferably with a Social Science qualification or Home Office Child Care Certificate. Salary £495 × £15 to £540 p.a. Application forms and further particulars are obtainable from the Children's Officer, Shire Hall, Nottingham, to whom completed applications should be returned immediately. K. Tweedale, Meaby, Clerk of the County Council.

SENIOR Assistant Caseworker required. Social Studies Diploma and experience. Ability to help to train students. Salary scale £425-£475 with superannuation. Apply with three refs. to Council of Social Service, 45 Castle Gate, Nottingham.

LARGE Club and Settlement sk. Warden (married). Must have social and admins. exper. Progressive Jewish Faith. Box 7661.

REQUIRED: woman administrator who could act as Bursar and Registrar in well-known London Secretarial College. Graduate preferred. Box 7814.

STANWAY Children's Home. House Mother required to take charge of this Home, on the outskirts of Colchester, where 26 healthy boys and girls aged 3-15 years are accommodated. Previous experience of similar work essential. Gross salary £25 10s. 7d. per month less £7 3s. 5d. per month for full residential emoluments. 3 weeks' holiday with pay after six months' service and 4 weeks a year ordinarily. Applications to be sent to the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford, Essex, within one week from appearance of this advertisement.

MANCHESTER University Settlement. Housekeeper required for Settlement Residence at Ancoats Hall. For further details write immediately to the Warden, 20 Every Street, Manchester, 4.

ASSISTANT Housekeeper in July for co-educational school, salary £180-£200 p.a. according to qualifics. & experience. Apply with refs. to the Housekeeper, Frensham Heights, Rowledge, Nr. Farnham, Surrey.

COOK in May for Junior House Co-educational School. 26 residents, 50 mid-day meals, salary £200 per annum. Apply with refs. to the Housekeeper, Frensham Heights, Rowledge, Nr. Farnham, Surrey.

TRUSTWORTHY Representatives required, men and women. Part-time. No canvassing. City and Suburban Circular Publicity. 4 Quex Road, London, N.W.6.

YOUNG man required for work in a first-class picture frame workshop. Conditions are: Artistic feeling, some knowledge of drawing and painting, interest in history of Art, good prospects. Box 7666.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and Shorthand Typists wanted for permanent posts in London; also for occasional work on our Emergency Staff (£6 10s., 10-5, no Sats.). Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Great Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

M.P. journalist seeks experienced, well-educated secretary. Box 7760.

AN interesting post for capable shorthand-typist, 18-35, preferably with knowledge of book-keeping, where care and initiative will be appreciated. Pleasant small office, progressive manufacturers close to Cambridge Heath, and Bethnal Green Underground. 9-5.30, 5-day week. Particulars of age, education, training, experience, salary to Box 7630.

YOUNG sh./typist, Advertising Agents, £7 no Sats. Apply "Graydon Bureau," 233 Strand (opp. Law Courts). CEN. 0604.

INTERESTING work—5 day wk.; good maker & mounter of artificial flowers; also girl to learn; nr. Cent. London. Box 7496.

NANNIE-HELP, experienced, residential, wanted April sole charge girl 2½, boy 1. Professional family. Wallington 6732, evgs.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

SOLICITOR (38), cult. intsts., qual. 1938, priv. practice, Local Govt., 3 yrs. I.C. Legal Dept. large commercial firm abroad, sks. commercial or Trade Union post or prospects partnership, succession. Box 6850.

WOMAN 35, adaptable, bi-lingual (Engl.-German), good knowledge French, s. typg., sks. interesting post. Box 7826.

MAN with varied ability who can work and think wants job with anybody, anywhere. Secretary, companion, caretaker, housekeeper or farm labourer. Box 7767.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

PRIVATE Secretary, experienced political and literary work, Oxford graduate, seeks post in London. Box 7789.

EDUC. Lady, knowledge of languages, nursing, seeks post as companion, nurse-comp., housekeeper, London area. Box 7600.

FRENCH Writer (30), perfect English, experienced in copyright work, seeks full- or part-time work, preferably publishing, bookselling, translations, etc. Box 7595.

EXPD. Secretary Sh./Typist free occasional periods. ARC. 1765, Ex. 1.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8837.

BAN Gin Traps which torture. I can send you particulars of eleven other humane ways of killing rabbits. Refuse to buy rabbits with legs mangled by traps or swollen heads from snares. Also write for Fur Crusade leaflets telling how to kill domestic animals and poultry; and White List of furs humanely obtained. Major Van der Byl, 49 Tregunter Road, London, S.W.10.

DUREX gloves and all rubber surgical appliances sent on by registered post. Send for our free price list now. H. Fiertag, 34 Wardour Street, London, W.1.

BAG of plain all-purpose wooden toy bricks £1. Encourage children's intelligent play on floor or table. Walt Tiler, 62 Old Farm, Sidcup.

DEANER Printers, Ltd., for printing of Reports, Pamphlets, Leaflets and all Commercial Stationery, etc., 189 Shoreditch High St., London, E.1. 'Phones: Shoreditch 3889/6046.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

"ASTLEYS of Jermyn Street," (109) S.W.1. Pipe specialists. Pipe repairs (any make). Meerschaum pipes old or new purchased.

SHORTHAND in 1 week. Test lesson 2½d stamp.—Dutton's (NS), 93 Gt. Russell Street, London, W.C.1.

STRIPED Ticking. Waxed and Feather-proof 56in. wide, superb material, only 7s. 6d. yard. Post 1s. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 81), 1 Stoke Newington Road, London, N.16.

PRINTING with Personality. Booklets, reports, appeals. The Priory Press, Malvern. Est. 1898.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

SECLUDED old farmhouse Kent, 30 miles London. H. & C., modern drainage, oak beams, inglenook, ¼ acre garden. 1 mile village and station. Leasehold £2,000, mortgage £1,500, owner emigrating. Box 7318.

UNIQUE Regency Gothic Group including Nationally Protected landmark in Kentish Parkland, 1 hr. from London, is being converted by Festival Architect into dwellings with contemporary interiors. Fully equipped and centrally heated, four dwellings still available. Box 7209

CORNWALL: Exceptionally attractive country home in sheltered sunny position near sea. Eight rooms and large kitchen; premises with all modern amenities. Standing in six acres matured grounds with large profitable orchard. In excellent condition and very inexpensive to maintain. Freehold £4,850. Box 7324.

SMUGGLERS' cottage with view of Hastings Harbour. Large lounge; 2 bedrooms, kitchen W.C. Cave. Small garden; approach easy steps. 50 per cent. mortgage. Price £1,300 freehold. Ludlow, Estate Agent, Claremont, Hastings.

SOUTHBOROUGH, nr. Tunbridge Wells (good buses, fast trains London). Attractive small period house on corner by common, completely modernised; stylish papers, mod., K. & B. and four rooms incl. fine living room. Only £2,850. Box 7721.

OLD Essex Manor House, very small. 13 acres (5 arable). 42 miles London. All mains, completely modernised, very cheap at £3,500, possession. Box 7649.

ATTRACTIVE furnished cottage near Bala. £600. Box 7605.

THATCHED stone cottage, 2 hrs. London, nr. Salisbury. 2 living, 3 bed., kitchen, bath, studio, central heating, tel., own elec., modern drainage, ¼-acre. £3,500. Box 7555.

DURHAM. Detached house with large garden in pleasant valley near Durham City. Ideal for children; pigs; chickens; or family sharing. Phone Esh Winning 13.

TUNBRIDGE Wells: Secluded one-acre plot nr. common & bus. Some buildgs.; greenhse., lily pond, orchard fine trees, real sun trap. Plans apprvd., lic. avlble. Box 7720.

FINE position betw. Sevenoaks & Tonbridge —stn. main line 10 mins. walk. Ideal home for business man wishing to live in country. Beautifully appointed modern residence approaching perfection. Garage. Fully cent. htd. if reqd. Aga. 1½ acres. Box 7735.

EASTER AND SUMMER SCHOOLS—contd.

PROGRESSIVE League Easter Conference, April 2-6. Grittleton, Chippenham, Wilts. Subject: Man and his Environment. Speakers: Dr. Russell (Agriculture), C. Donald Wilson (Soil Fertility), L. Minchin (Fuel), C. Carter (Eugenics), Dr. Senft (Man and Technology). Fees, members, £4 4s.; non-members, £4 12s. 6d. Details from Dr. E. A. Seeley, Municipal College, Bournemouth.

DRAMA Schools, Three Arts Centre, London, W.1. (April 7-15, 44gns.); (May 9-10, £1 15s.). (July 27-Aug. 7, 5½gns.). (Eve. school, Aug. 10-21, 4½gns.). Dir.: Marian Naylor. Acting technique, Speech, Mime & Movement, Production, Make-up. Mrs. M. Medd, Heathdene, Otford, Kent.

CANFORD Summer School of Music, Director Noel Hale, August 9-23, offers an ideal holiday with music. The Courses cover Choral Singing, Madrigals, Full and String Orchestra, Chamber Music, Pianoforte, School Music (Vocal and Instrumental), Recorders, Organ & Choirmaster, Dalcroze Eurhythmics. Prospectus and particulars: Patricia Vernon, Org. Sec., Westover Chambers, Hinton Road, Bournemouth.

URCHFONT Manor. Summer Courses for Adults.—May 22-28: "Whitsun Nature Study." Field work, birds, flowers, animals. July 10-12: "Travels in Italy." July 13-19: "Summer Painting Course." July 20-26: "Wiltshire and the West." Prehistoric to Development Plan. Visits. July 27-Aug. 1: "The Seven Deadly Sins." Moralities in modern literature. Aug. 1-7: "Folklore and Festivals." Survivals, re-creations, modern equivalents. Aug. 8-22: "The World since 1930. Aug. 24-Sept. 5: "The Second Elizabethan Age." Courses for the family. Children looked after in camp while parents have "cultural" holiday in the Manor. Sept. 21-27: "Thinking, Speaking, Writing." Self-expression, Committee work, etc. Details, full Programme, The Warden, Urchfont Manor, Devizes, Wilts.

URCHFONT Manor. Family Fortnights.—Two fortnight's courses for parents—children (8-14 years) looked after in camp in the grounds—moderate charges. August 8-22: The World since 1930. August 24-September 5: The Second Elizabethan Age. For full Summer Programme: The Warden, Urchfont Manor, nr. Devizes, Wilts.

FABIAN Summer Schools 1953—August 15-22, Birchfield House, Hope, Derbyshire; August 22-29, Wilton Park, Wiston House, Steyning, Sussex; August 29-Sept. 5, Beatrice Webb House, Dorking. Apply: Schools Secretary, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

HOUSE-Party Holidays. On our informal house-parties by the sea or in the country you will have a good time, meet interesting people and have every chance for bathing, tennis, dancing and foreign language practice. Ask for our "House-Party Leaflet," with details of Easter and Summer arrangements. Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

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PERSONAL

CHEERFUL person willing to help with chores and sit-in, Richmond, offered rent-free divan bed-sitting rm. in prof. household. Boy under 7 also welcome. Box 7769.

SWEDISH lady, middle-aged, wishes stay as paying guest with educated family West of England for 2 weeks, early May. Box 7779.

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BUSINESS girl would like to join one or two other girls in sharing flat in London. Box 7757.

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PROF. cple. (3 children) seek exch. lge. London flat occas. week-ends with similar family in country/seaside. Box 7523.

GOOD furn. accom. offered to stud./prof. gentlewoman in exch. some domestic help & "sitting in." S.W.14. Box 7512.

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PERSONAL—continued

EXPLORERS please note! Switzerland has not yet been properly discovered. Proof of this is to be found in the holiday booklet published by Specialised Travel Service, Ltd., (EN.1), Paddington St., London, W.1. Tel. WEL. 9935.

SETTING up House? Hartman's Provision Restaurant, 65, Sth. Audley St., W.1, are opening a new Cheese Snack Bar and closing the Ironmongery Dept. We have in stock a large quantity of every conceivable kitchen equipment and want spare or full-time work (secretarial, carpentry, sign-writing, painting, electrical, window displays, cleaning, murals, etc.) in exch. for goods. Please call & discuss.

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PERSONAL—continued

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PERSONAL—continued

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WANTED—stories and articles for American journals. Donald Craig, Holycross, Thurles, Co. Tipperary.

GUITAR tuition, Segovia style. Beginners' Courses, regardless of age. Free Folder: Len Williams, Spanish Centre, 12 Little Newport St., W.C.2. GER. 6457.

HANDWRITING delineations. Write 50 wds.: age, sex. 5s. P.O. S.a.e. Box 7347.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

IMPECUNIOUS but æsthetic? Write catalogue good cheap, antique furniture. Margery Dean, B.A., Wivenhoe, Essex. (Nearly 4,000 sq. ft. of showroom space.)

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. Tem. 3334. Last 2 days at 5 & 8. "The Father." Mems. 5s. yearly.

ST. Thomas Church, Regent St., W.1. Hovenden Players present "The Talking Ass," verse play by John Heath-Stubbs, from Mon., March 23 to Tuesday, March 31, 8.30 (Wed., Sat., Sun., 6.30 & 8.30). Seats 5s. & 2s. 6d. Adv. Bkg.: PAD. 8221/CHA. 5037.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon.), 7.30. Sun. 6.30. The famous Victorian Melodrama "The Drunkard." Now past its 50th perf. A Free Ticket for "The Drunkard" is allowed to each New Member. Mem. 5s.

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UNITY (EUS. 5391) Political Revue "Turn it Up!" Wed.-Sun. 7.30. Mems.

TOWER Theatre, Canonbury Place, N.1. (Nr. Islington Town Hall). Open to public. Tavistock Rep. in "The House of Bernarda Alba" by Garcia Lorca. Fris. & Sats. March 20, 21, 27, 28. Tickets 2s., 3s. 6d., 5s. Bookable CAN. 5111.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Clair Season. Until further notice: "A Nous La Liberté" (U).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., Mar. 22, 7.30. "The Golden Madonna" (A). Brit.

SOVIET Films for Children. Forest Travellers, Moscow Zoo, Tale of Spring, Wolf and Deer, Pushkin Tale. Wed., March 25, 7.30 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Admission 2s. 6d. (S.C.R. & students 2s.).

THE White-Haired Girl, London première of this long-awaited film. Scala Theatre, W.1, Monday, March 30, at 7.30 p.m. Tickets from Sec., Britain-China Friendship Assn., 17 Bishop's Bridge Rd., W.2. 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d. Speaker: Miles Malleson. New China Exhibition.

"COUNCIL of the Gods": controversial E. German indictment of chemical trusts. 7.30 Mar. 26, members 10s. 6d. (5 progs.), guest tickets 2s. 6d., advance only. Apply Sec., Hammersmith Film Society, Town Hall, W.6. RIV. 6011.

MUSIC Society of Lower Thames Street. Barge "Glencoe," 200 yds. Tower Hill Tube, 7.30, Thurs. March 26, Billy Kaye and His Afro-Dizziacs, Cabaret. Members, guests, tickets only, 3s. 6d. Apply 70a Park Hill Rd., N.W.3, and S.B. "Glencoe." Brewers Quay, Lower Thames St. ROY. 1653.

VECHERINKA (Russian Evening). Music. Folk Dancing. Refmts. Mems. Bar. Sat., March 21, 7.30-11 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Admission 2s. 6d.

SAILING Barge adjoining Tower Pier, Glencoe Arts Club. Dancing every Wed., Fri. & Sat. Life Class every Sat. 2-4.30. Tues. March 24, 8.30, Jack McDougall and Edward Chudacoff, Recital Bach, Stravinsky, Bartok & Bloch. From March 26, Billy Kaye's Music Society, every Thurs. by ticket only, 3s. 6d. ROY. 1653.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League C.L.B. Dance, Sat., March 21, 7.30-11, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. Tickets 4s.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Albert Hall, Manager: C. S. Taylor. May 11, 1953, at 8 p.m. Guido Cantelli conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Programme: Rossini: Overture Semiramide. Schumann: Symphonie No. 4 in D minor. Brahms: Symphonie No. 1 in C minor. Presented by the Friends of the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra in association with the Anglo-Israel Association to honour the memory of Dr. Chaim Weizmann. Tickets: 5gns., 3gns., 2gns., 1gn., 15s., 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s. (gallery 3s.) from the Friends of the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra, 24 Park Lane, W.1 (GRO. 3114, MAY. 0067), Royal Albert Hall Box Office and usual agents.

50TH Anniversary Recital by Frank Merrick at the Wigmore Hall, Mar. 25, at 7.30. Entire proceeds to be given to the Incorporated Society of Musicians Benevolent Fund. Tickets: 21s., 15s., 12s., 7s. 6d., 3s. 6d. from Hall, Agents and Imperial Concert Agency, 20 Kingly St., W.1. (Reg. 1140.)

KODALY 70th birthday concert, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1. March 26 at 8 p.m. 1st perf. in England of String Quartet and "Notaszo" songs by Ferenc Szabó; String Quartet, Op. 10 No. 2 by Kodaly and Hungarian folk songs arr. Kodaly, New London String Quartet, Kyla Greenbaum—pianoforte, Anne Wood—contralto, and W.M.A. Singers. Tickets 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d. from Education Committee, British Hungarian Friendship Society, 33 Pembridge Square, W.2. BAY. 2642.

CONCERT. Programme includes London Youth Choir; W.M.A. Dance Ensemble; Unity Theatre. Sat., March 28, 7.30, St. Pancras Tn. Hall. Tkts. 1s.: London Communist Pty., 75 Farringdon Rd. HOL. 6433.

ST. Marylebone Parish Church, N.W.1. Music for Holy Week. Saturdays, March 21 and 28 at 3.30 p.m., Palestrina "Lamentations," introduced by Alec Robertson. Anerio, "Requiem." The Renaissance Singers. Director, Michael Howard.

ROYAL Festival Hall. Good Friday, April 3, at 5 p.m. Bach's St. Matthew Passion (in its entirety). London Choral Society. Kalmar Chamber Orch. John Tobin. 2s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. WAT. 3191 and Agents.

CONCERTS—continued

ROYAL Festival Hall (Recital Rm.). Sat., Mar. 21, 8.15. London Czech Trio. Lisa Marketta, Maria Lidka, Karel Horitz. "Masterpieces for Piano Trio" by Mozart and Dvorak. 8s., 5s. res. 2s. 6d. unres. WAT. 3191.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

1953 House and Garden colours for interior decoration, shown at a special exhibition of interiors at the House and Garden Decoration Centre, 16 Grafton St., W.1. Adm. free. Mon.-Fri. 10-5; Sat. 10-12.30.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. British and French Contemporaries: a selection from Mr. R. May's collection; and Paintings by André Dauchant. From March 24: Recent Paintings by William Gear and Sculpture by Robert Adams.

MEXICAN Art. An Arts Council Exhibition arranged with the Mexican Government, Tate Gallery. Open till April 26. Weekdays 10-9, Sundays 2-6. Admission 2s. 6d., after 6 p.m. 1s. 6d.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Important French Masters of the 19th and 20th Cent. Recent purchases. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1

REMBRANDT'S Influence in the 17th Century. Loan Exhibition at the Matthiesen Gallery, 142 New Bond Street, 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1, until April 2. Adm. 2s. 6d., in aid of the victims of the Dutch floods.

THE Arcade Gallery, 28 Old Bond St., W.1. Reg. 1879. "The Age of Exuberance"; Italian, Flemish and Spanish Pictures from 1580 to 1680.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Yves Alix (First Exhibition in England) and Eugene Boudin.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the Commonwealth; British Medicine and the Continent 1600-1850. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Free.

BUILDING in the Netherlands. Royal Institute of British Architects, 66 Portland Place, W.1. Till March 28. Mondays-Fridays 10-7. Saturdays 10-5. Admission free.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts Gallery, 17 Dover Street, W.1. Wonder & Horror of the Human Head. Daily 11-6. Sats. 11-5. Sunday 2-6.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George Street, W.1. Paintings by Csato. Paintings by Irene Wyatt. Until April 2.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Louise Hutchinson: Portraits and other Sculptures. Paintings by Jolan Williams.

GUILDHALL Art Gallery, E.C.2. Royal Society of British Sculptors. Exhibition of Sculpture & Photographs of Sculpture of Civic Interest. Mar. 10-28 inc., 10-5, ex. Sun.

THE Unknown Political Prisoner. Finals International Sculpture Competition. Exhibition of Prize Winners and National Runners-up from 57 countries. Tate Gallery daily, 10-9, Sundays 2-6.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Retrospective Exhibition of Paintings by William Johnstone. Daily 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

PUBLIC Meeting. Caxton Hall, Caxton Street, S.W.1. (St. James's Park Underground, Victoria Street buses). Tuesday, March 24 at 7 p.m. Chairman: Peter Freeman, M.P. Object: To protest against the traffic in dogs for experimental laboratories. All welcome. Admission free.

DISCUSSION—Ayurvedic School of Medicine: March 27, 8.15 p.m. All welc. No collin. London Branch, Indian Institute of Culture. 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Mar. 22: Dr. W. E. Swinton, Ph.D., F.R.S.E., "Missing Links." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. 7 p.m. Tuesday, Mar. 24. C. Bradlaugh Bonner, "Radio Freedom." Admission free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group. 7.15 p.m. Friday, Mar. 20. G. Hay, "Dianetics."

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N.10; (i) Meditation & Discourse at the Centre every Sun., 5 p.m. (ii) Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Thurs., 7.30, March 26, "Worship Prior to Meditation." All welcome. April 2, No lecture.

J. HUTTON Hynd: "We must judge for ourselves what is good." At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2, Sunday, March 22, at 6.30 p.m.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Sq., W.C.1. Public Lecture 6.30 p.m. Wednesday, March 25. "Co-incidence in Spiritual Foundations." Mr. R. Percheron.

SHAW Society: "Sarah Bernhardt," by Esme Percy, Friday, March 27, 7 p.m., 7 Albemarle St. Non-members welcome (adm. 2s.). Specimen bulletin, etc., from 45 Steepiestone Close, London, N.18.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

CROSSMAN, R. H. S., M.P., will speak on "Israel and British Commonwealth Strategy," Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. Mon., March 23, 8 p.m. Adm. free. Res. seats 2s. 6d. & 4s. from Zionist Federation, 77 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 3815.

DISCUSSION. "Re-educating Juvenile Delinquents in the U.S.S.R." George Hobbs explains methods from Makarenko to the present. 8 p.m. 55 Aberdare Gardens, N.W.6 (behind John Barnes). Hampstead British Soviet Friendship Society. March 24.

ALL Nations Social Club One Evening Conference. "Africa—What Next?" Julian Amery, M.P. (Cons.), Dr. Hastings K. Banda (Nyasaland African Congress), Jennie Lee, M.P. (Lab.). Friday, March 20, 8 p.m., at Weigh House Church Hall, Binney St. (off Oxford St., opposite Selfridges). Questions & Discussion. Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

ANEURIN Bevan on China, Central Hall, Wed., April 1, 7 p.m. Admission 1s. at door. A Peace With China Council Meeting.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wed., March 25, 7.30 p.m. John Berger, "Art and the Citizen", at St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors 2s.

IT Can Be Peace. Cecily Cook (Women's Co-op. Guilds), H. W. Franklin, N.U.R., Percy Hartill (Archdeacon, Stoke-on-Trent), Minnie Pallister, Victor Yates, M.P. Chairman: Sybil Morrison. Central Hall, Westminster, Friday, March 27, 7.30 p.m. Buffet and Bookstall, 6.30 p.m. Admission free. Reserved 2s. 6d. Apply Peace Pledge Union, 6 Endsleigh Street, W.C.1. EUS. 5501.

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Soc.—Annual General Meeting, Thurs., Mar. 26, 7.30, at 81 Portland Pl., London, W.1. Gordon Schaffer and delegates from Scotland and the provinces will speak. Members—send in your ballot forms early, and book the date now.

BESSIE Braddock, M.P. Talk: "Women in Politics," 7.30 p.m., Wednesday, March 25. West African Students' Union, 13 Chelsea Embankment, London, S.W.3.

DR. Rita Hinden on "The Problems of Multiracial Communities," on March 26, 8 p.m., at W.A.S.U., 13 Chelsea Embankment, S.W.3. Free. S. African Freedom League.

"COMMUNISM in the Trades Unions." Holborn Hall, Wed., March 25, 7.30. Spkrs.: Bob Edwards, Gen. Sec. Chemical Workers' Union; H. Willig; Adam Ciolkosz. Common Cause, 66c, Elizabeth St., S.W.1.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Pl., S.W.1. March 28, 6 p.m. M. André Boutet de Monval (Alliance Française): "La Littérature Engagée: Sartre, Malraux, Camus."

NATIONAL Income, Social Services & Consumer Goods in 5th Five-year Plan. Lecture by R. W. Davies & B. I. Caplan. Thursday, March 26, 7.30 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Admission 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. & students 1s.).

SOVIET Physics, Recent Developments. Survey of publications. Dr. E. H. S. Burhop. Tues., March 24, 7.30 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Admission 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. & students 1s.).

EASTERN Europe and Israel: Max Weiner, Director Jewish National Fund in Great Britain, at St. Marylebone Fabian Society's dinner meeting, at 7 p.m., March 24, at North Star, 104, Finchley Rd., N.W.3; charge 5s., guests welcome. Tel. CUN. 1034 to book.

SCHOPENHAUER Society, Caxton Hall, Thurs., Mar. 26, 7.45, free lecture in German by Boje Postel on Schopenhauer and Art.

PERSONALIST Group: George Frankl on "The Alienation of Man in Modern Society." Conway Hall, Tues., Mar. 24, 7.30.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 7 p.m. March 22. Special Meeting—W. Q. Judge Day. All welcome. No collection. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. Leinster Tce. bus stop, Bayswater Rd., Paddington, or Lancaster Gate Stn., nr. Devonshire Terrace, Craven Rd.

SOCIETY for Sex Education & Guidance. "Human Growth": Mr. Cyril Bibby, M.A., M.Sc., F.L.S., Wed., March 25, 7 p.m., Conway Hall. Admission free.

V. FLEMMING: "Degrees of Agnosticism," Hampstead Eth. Soc., 783 Finchley Rd., nr. Regal Cinema, Golders Green. March 22, 7.45.

FILMSHOWS & Travelogues in simple French, German, Spanish & Italian. Language Film Cinema, 13 Suffolk Street, Haymarket, S.W.1. Write or call for details.

GEFFRYE Museum, Kingsland Rd., E.2. At 7 p.m. Last lect. "Between the Elizabeths". March 24—The Arts: Eric Newton.

CHARLES Morgan on "Dialogue in plays & novels." Chair: C. V. Wedgwood. 1st Hermon Ould Memorial Lecture. Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1. Tues., Mar. 24, 7.30. Tkts. 3s. (guaranteeing seats; app. to be accompanied by remittance & s.a.e.) from Sec., P.E.N., 62 Glebe Pl., S.W.3, or at doors.

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LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

DAY School on Stalin's last great work, "The Economic Problems of Socialism in the U.S.S.R." Lecturer, Andrew Rothstein. 3.8 p.m. Sun., March 22. Battersea Town Hall, S.W.11. Refreshments. Tkts. 2s. 6d. from B.S.F.S., 36 Spencer St., E.C.1.

SCOTLAND: Study-Holiday Tour, May 16-23. Cities, Highlands, New Towns, Hill-farming, Forestry and Plans for Future. By coach from Edinburgh, finish Glasgow: £25. Town and Country Planning Association, 28 King St., W.C.2.

ASHRIDGE. Coronation Festival Course, May 29-June 5. Sir Owen Morshead, K.C.V.O., D.S.O., M.C., will speak on Coronation Ceremony. Optional activities include visits to Stratford-on-Avon for theatre, Warwick Castle, Sulgrave Manor, St. Albans. Coaches to London for procession. Special launch on Thames Coronation evening. Full partics. Sec., Ashridge, Berkhamsted, Herts.

ARCHITECTURAL Association School of Architecture. Selection Board Examination for admission September, 1953, will be held on April 20. Last date for application, April 1. Full particulars and application forms from Principal, 36 Bedford Sq., W.C.1.

45 Postal Courses (subjects range from Public speaking and Labour Journalism to Electioneering & Time & Motion Study) are avail. free to most Trade Unionists. Others pay modest fees. Send 8d. P.O. for "Education and Power" and "The Trained Mind" to J. P. M. Millar, Gen. Sec., N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

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EASTER AND SUMMER SCHOOLS

JAMES Callaghan, C. A. R. Crosland, Hugh Dalton, James Griffiths, Lord Hungarton & Michael Young at Fabian Society's Easter School, Beatrice Webb House, Dorking, April 2-6. Apply School Secretary, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

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